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T. A. Dean sc.

LADY JANE GREY.

BIOGRAPHY

FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

BY M. A. K.

“FAVOUR IS DECEITFUL, AND BEAUTY IS VAIN; BUT
A WOMAN THAT FEARETH THE LORD, SHE SHALL BE
PRAISED.” PROVERBS, xxx. 30.

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P R E F A C E.

THOSE who have devoted their time and talents to the instruction of Youth, and who have reflected upon the importance and extent of such an undertaking, will acknowledge that the selection of proper books for their entertainment is no very immaterial part of their duty.

If those which are chosen for their studies are injudiciously preferred, and not calculated to promote their object, they are deprived of the power of injuring the principles, or of instilling wrong opinions; but if those books which are intended for their amusement possess a wrong


tendency, they may be the origin of incalculable evil, whose baneful effects may prove injurious through life.

The following little work has been written under the impression that Biography might be made the means of conveying information and amusement, and at the same time arouse those finer faculties of our nature, which, without the excitement produced by emulation, might remain for ever dormant.

Circumstances apparently trivial often lead to the most important events in life; and in no respect can this observation be more justly applied than in reference to young people. Viewing excellencies in others may induce an attempt to acquire them. A young lady might, from reading the life of Hannah Moore, be desirous of imitating her ardent desire of instructing the poor; she might attend a Sunday School for that purpose, and, for trying to benefit others, God might reward her by blessing his word to her own soul.

To another, who may value herself too highly in consequence of her rank or wealth, the life of the Princess Charlotte, while it would amuse by its anecdote, would more plainly convince her of their insufficiency for happiness, and of the uncertain tenure of their possession, than a dozen discourses upon the subject.

It is scarcely requisite to add, that in this production no characters have been introduced but such as were eminent for those virtues, which every mother would be delighted to see blossoming in her own beloved children; and that its combined purpose is to amuse, instruct, and edify YOUNG LADIES.



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CONTENTS.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES . . .	9
MRS. JAMES FORDYCE	45
MRS. HANNAH MOORE	68
MISS ELIZABETH SMITH	105
MRS. ROWE	124
MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER	144
LADY RUSSEL	167
LADY JANE GREY	187

BIOGRAPHY

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MEMOIRS OF H. R. HIGHNESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA,
PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE life of this illustrious and amiable individual affords an evidence of the inability of rank and fortune to bestow happiness; it also illustrates the uncertain tenure of all earthly possessions, and the unforeseen vicissitudes to which we are subject.

This august princess was born on the 7th January, 1796, and was the only child of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth. Her birth was hailed by the nation with the utmost demonstrations of joy; and, as the heiress apparent to the crown of England, all the details concerning her infancy and childhood, which reached the public ear, were sought after, and received, with the greatest possible interest.

Her earliest years were marked by evidences of superior intellectual ability; and those traits of character, by which she was, at a maturer age, so eminently distinguished, were easily discerned in her infantile days.

The dissensions and consequent separation of her royal parents caused her to be consigned to the care of her mother only until she had attained her eighth year; and as the Princess of Wales led then a very retired life, little Charlotte occupied the principal portion of her time, and their mutual affection became firmly cemented.

To those who are accustomed to train the minds of the young, the importance of properly directing the powers of the mind at a tender age will be readily admitted. The Princess Charlotte derived the benefit of this attention, and appeared to be early imbibed with a sense of religion, as manifested by her conduct towards a reverend divine. The Bishop of London (the late excellent Dr. Porteus) paid her mamma a visit, during which the little Princess repeated to him several hymns in a very correct and proper manner; and, without being told to make the request, as the Bishop was taking leave, she fell down on her knees and begged his blessing.

But as soon as this sweet girl was capable of understanding the situation of her parents with regard to each other, her little heart participated in the sorrows of her mother, without losing that respect

with which she had been taught to regard her father; she felt every indignity which the former sustained, and eagerly sought to trace its origin unconnected with that personage whom she felt it her duty to reverence. Thus was her sympathy excited, and an alloy mingled with the happiness of her childhood.

The exercise of charity was strongly enjoined in her mother's precepts, and the disposition of the little Princess inclined her much to its practice. One morning, accompanied by a single attendant, she was taking her accustomed walk, when she saw a poor ragged boy sitting under a hedge, crying from the pain of a wound which he had in one of his hands. The Princess Charlotte went to him, and inquired the cause of his grief. He showed her the wound, from which he was suffering much, on account of its exposure to the cold air. Without any hesitation, the dear child immediately took her handkerchief and was wrapping it round the boy's hand, when her attendant interfered, apprehensive that injurious consequences might ensue. "No harm can happen to me," replied little Charlotte; "have I not read in my bible, that He who was greater than any earthly king, healed the wounds of the leper; and shall I not then follow his example, and bind the wounds of this poor boy?" What promise was here displayed of real greatness! Far from being reproved, her conduct in thus so nobly imitating the

great pattern of perfection set for our example, ought to have procured for her the highest commendations; it afforded an opportunity of pointing out to her, that she was then, in an humble manner, imitating Christ, by administering assistance; that she was quite correct in her opinion, that it was her duty to copy Him whenever she could do so; for that real superiority consisted in goodness.

The character of the Princess was marked by strong enthusiasm. She never qualified her opinion, but stated it boldly, unmindful of consequences. Sarcasm was occasionally mingled with her observations; and when reproved once for this fault, she said, "Reprove me if I tell a falsehood, but not for speaking the truth."

When arrived at a proper age, his majesty (who is, by the law of England, the guardian of infants, and, of course, more particularly so of his granddaughter, and the heiress presumptive of his crown) appointed the Bishop of Exeter as her private tutor; the Rev. Dr. Nott acted as sub-preceptor; and Lady De Clifford received the important situation of governess. The utmost attention was paid to instruct her in the principles of the Christian religion, and to instil into her mind an ardent attachment to the ecclesiastical establishment of this country. She often expressed her satisfaction at the religious toleration allowed in England, as she was too enlightened to be a bigot to her own form of worship,

and considered virtue and good works to be the sole rule of conduct, and the criterion of character.

Her studies were urged with every possible assiduity, consistent with a proper regard to health. The day's tuition usually began at six in the morning, and continued, with slight intermission, until the evening. Her acquirements extended to foreign and classical literature, as well as to that of her own country. She was conversant in the French, Italian, German, and Spanish languages; and performed on the piano, harp, and guitar, with more than usual skill. Her voice was sweet; and she sung with taste and judgment, as her ear was very good, and her powers of execution brilliant.

At a party, one evening, the Princess sung and played; but, from some cause or other not known, she felt conscious that she had performed very badly. Every body present applauded her. More disgusted than pleased at receiving praise that she knew to be unmerited, she turned to her instructor, who happened to be present, and asked his opinion. This gentleman, who was a foreigner, not now in England, replied, that her Royal Highness had sung delightfully, and played charmingly. The Princess made no answer to his encomiums, and the conversation took another turn. On the following day the preceptor called to give a music lesson to his royal pupil; but one of the household was commissioned to pay him, and at the same time to inform

him, that the Princess Charlotte declined receiving further instruction from a person mean enough to flatter her against his reason, and who had not sufficient candour to tell her when she performed badly.

Drawing was among her favourite pursuits ; and in the retirement of Claremont, after her marriage, it occupied many of the hours which she passed in the society of her husband. In all her studies the Princess paid particular attention to those which were likely to be most useful to her exalted rank ; and it would be well if her example, in this particular, were more generally followed. We should not then see girls devoting their time to the acquirement of accomplishments unsuitable to their stations, and which tend very often to give them a disrelish for those occupations to which their circumstances require their attention.

The Princess enjoyed at Bognor, where she generally passed the autumn, much liberation from the etiquette to which she was subject in the metropolis. Simply dressed, she would go to Richardson's, the baker, about the time when she knew his buns were ready, and, entering the shop, would sit and talk to the worthy man about his business, as if she took an active interest in his concerns. She took much pleasure in strolling on the beach, and in one of her rambles her attention was excited by some pieces of wood, on which a kind of metal, bright as

gold, was incrustcd, and formed into configurations similar to metallic ores in their crude state. On searching further, a quantity of this apparently natural phenomenon was discovered; and two labourers were procured, who, in a short time, obtained some beautiful specimens, which her Royal Highness carried home with her. Two guineas were commanded to be given to these men; but as no money ever reached them, they thought that the Princess had acted very shabbily, and they expressed their sentiments freely, denouncing her as mean and pitiful. Soon after, the wife of one of these labourers was ill, and the Princess hearing of it, directed that she should be supplied with certain comforts. When the bearer of her bounty had delivered the royal gift, the woman said, "I will maintain that she is a Princess—and God bless her for ever." "And who says that her Royal Highness is not a Princess?" demanded the messenger. "Why," replied the woman, "when my husband and his fellow-workman digged those queer things out of the ground for her, she did not so much as give them a sup of beer." "To my certain knowledge," replied the messenger, "her Highness commanded two guineas to be given to them." "They never received one farthing, I assure you," said the woman. The whole particulars of this affair were communicated to the Princess; an investigation ensued; and the culprit, who had kept the money for

his own use, was disgracefully dismissed from the household. The poor men received the reward intended for them, and, of course, extolled the Princess as a pattern of excellence.

During her residence at Bognor, the jubilee, in honour of his majesty her grandfather, was celebrated, as he had reigned fifty years over the British nation. In commemoration of this event, a school was established for the education of poor children, of which her Royal Highness became the patroness. Under her auspices and exertions the jubilee school flourished many years, and was of great benefit to that class of society in the neighbourhood who were unable to pay for schooling for their children.

The Princess Charlotte's mother had for many years lived in retirement at Blackheath. The King frequently visited her, and much regretted the disunion that existed between the Prince and Princess. Reports were circulated respecting the Princess, by her enemies, very injurious to her character; but as they never could be proved, that is a sufficient demonstration of their falsehood. However, the Prince of Wales thought proper to lay severe restrictions upon the intercourse of his wife and daughter; they were only allowed to see each other once a week, and then under such restrictions as were very mortifying to both. The Princess Charlotte had lived with her mother entirely until she was eight years of age, and loved her most

dearly. Judge, then, what must have been her grief at not being allowed to see and converse with her freely, and often, as she had always been accustomed to do. You, my dear young friends, have no affliction so heavy as this. If you separate from your parents, you know that at a certain time you shall see them again; that you can then tell them all your thoughts, and ask their advice; and that your separation is only temporary. Thus you see how much happier you are than was the Princess Charlotte.

When the Princess was in her seventeenth year, her governess, Lady de Clifford, resigned her situation, and the Princess thought herself old enough to dispense with the appointment of another. But to this proposition her father would not consent; and the Dowager Duchess of Leeds consented to accept the office. This royal young lady was secluded from all cheerful society with young people of her own age; for what reason this restriction was imposed is not known, but most probably it was to prevent communication with her mother. Certain it is, that she once wished to enter into a correspondence with a nobleman's daughter, which was not permitted, although the father of the young lady was of the ministerial party.

In 1813, a grand drawing-room was held in celebration of her Majesty's birth-day, when it was expected that the Princess Charlotte would be pre-

sented. The Princess was ready, and partook of refreshments with the royal family, previous to entering the drawing-room; but when she found that her mother was not to present her, but that the Duchess of York was to be her substitute, she firmly declared that no other person than her mother should present her. No arguments were of any avail; she persisted in her determination; and as the Princess of Wales was not allowed to undertake the ceremony, although she attended the drawing-room, the Princess Charlotte would not make her appearance.

This conduct only served to increase the severity exercised upon the affections of the mother and daughter; for, soon after, the former received official communication, stating, that, by command of the Prince, the Princess was not in future to visit her daughter. Thus deprived wholly of her child's society, deprived of the privileges of her rank, and treated with unmerited neglect, the Princess of Wales resolved to leave the kingdom, to divert her chagrin by viewing foreign climes. She communicated her intentions, by letter, to Lord Liverpool, in which she made a few requests relative to domestic arrangements. Her Highness mentioned, in her epistle to his lordship, the loss which she sustained from his Majesty's protracted illness; that, deprived of his countenance and support, and of the pleasure of visiting the Princess Charlotte, her situation had be-

come too painful for endurance. To all her requests a ready compliance was granted, in Lord Liverpool's reply, and preparations made for her embarkation.

It was understood that the Princess Charlotte was destined to become the wife of the Prince of Orange, who had been educated in England, and was, on that account, as well as for political reasons, a very appropriate consort. The Princess of Wales was averse to the union, as she knew that his Royal Highness was entirely conformable to the Prince Regent, and that, consequently, no amelioration of the restrictions imposed upon her was to be expected from him.

When she had completed her eighteenth year, the Princess Charlotte made her appearance at court for the first time. Her Royal Highness wore a petticoat of rich white satin, bordered with a wreath of silver laurel leaves and white roses; her train was of rich striped and figured silver blonde lace, ornamented with beautiful diamonds. She had a drapery over her petticoat of patent lace, in silver lama, ornamented with wreaths of silver cord and tassels; her head-dress was a profusion of beautiful diamonds and ostrich feathers. When she left the drawing-room, the Prince of Orange handed her Royal Highness to her carriage.

But though the Princess was attired in all the splendour which ingenuity could devise and wealth

obtain, yet when she cast her eyes on the gorgeous scene which the drawing-room displayed, filled with the nobility of England magnificently adorned, her heart felt a pang which threw a gloom over her countenance. There was a vacant place which ought to have been filled ; why was it unoccupied ? No satisfactory reason could be assigned in reply ; and the noble Princess felt disgust at a scene which so strongly reminded her of injustice. The studied congratulations and compliments of the fawning crowd did not afford her a moment's satisfaction ; she was glad when the pageantry was over, that she might pour out the sorrows of her heart to that God to whom she looked for succour and support.

It is not surprising that the Princess always expressed a disinclination to partake of public pleasures : the thought must have constantly occupied her mind—" From all this my mother is excluded." This idea must have destroyed enjoyment ; and converted mirth and cheerfulness into corroding vexation.

The marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Orange was considered by the nation as a settled affair, when it was unexpectedly stated that the Princess had declined completing the engagement. It appears that, in a conversation between the royal pair, the Princess inquired of the Prince what line of conduct would be required of her with regard to her mother, in the event of their union. The Prince replied, that as far as her visits to her

mother extended, they would be allowed, but that the Princess of Wales should never enter the house of the Prince of Orange. "Then," said the Princess Charlotte, rising indignantly from her chair, "never will the Princess Charlotte of Wales be the wife of the Prince of Orange." Soon after, the rejected suitor left London, and embarked for his native country, after having vainly endeavoured to persuade the Princess to change her resolution.

About this time the allied sovereigns visited England, which attracted to this country a number of foreigners of distinction, and among them was Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. The Princess Charlotte first met him at the Duchess of Oldenburgh's, where she was paying a morning visit, and was much pleased with his manners and address; a further acquaintance justified her prepossessions, and laid the foundation of that attachment which led to their union.

The Prince Regent was highly displeased at the Princess Charlotte's refusing to accept the hand of the Prince of Orange, and much altercation ensued in consequence. It was known that the persons who composed the household of the Princess were all attached to her unfortunate mother, and whether it was to prevent their future influence over the mind of his daughter, or for some other cause, is not decidedly known; but on the 12th July the Prince repaired to Warwick House, the Princess's residence and told her that he was come to dismiss her esta-

blishment, as she must, for the present, take up her abode at Carlton House. Strong expostulation ensued on the part of the Princess, but her father was inflexible; he had actually brought with him other ladies to attend the Princess, whom he wished immediately to introduce to her. She requested to be allowed to retire for a short time to compose her spirits previous to the introduction, which was granted.

Her Royal Highness retired. Terrified, and in an agony of despair, she privately left her house; and getting into a hackney coach, in Cockspur Street, desired the driver to take her as fast as possible to Connaught House, the residence of her mother.

The Princess of Wales was not at home; but the steward instantly dispatched a messenger, who met her returning to Blackheath, and delivered to her a note, written by the Princess Charlotte, communicating the affair. The Princess of Wales immediately drove to the Parliament House, but neither Earl Grey nor Mr. Whitbread, whom she wished to see, were there. She then came to her own residence, where her daughter communicated to her the particulars of the strange proceeding that had been adopted. As soon as the Prince Regent discovered the flight of the Princess, he sent for his ministers to consult them respecting the measures proper to be pursued. A council was held at Carlton House, in consequence, and also at the Foreign Office.

The first step taken was to send to the Princess Charlotte the Bishop of Salisbury, to remonstrate with her; and soon after, the Duke of York arrived, and presented the Princess with a written command from her father to bring her to Carlton House. Mr. Brougham had been sent for to Connaught Place, and, before the arrival of her uncle, he told the Princess that by the laws of the land she must obey her father's commands. The Duke assured her that she should not be subject to any confinement, nor be treated with that severity which she apprehended, but that obedience to the mandate which he brought could not be dispensed with. Most unwillingly did the Princess obey this order, which she found herself unable to dispute; and about three o'clock, on Wednesday the 13th, she accompanied her uncle to Carlton House. That this extraordinary circumstance should be the general topic of conversation may be easily imagined. It was universally considered that the Princess must have sustained very great severity to induce her to such a proceeding, and very severe animadversions were passed upon the Prince Regent in consequence.

In the mean time the Princess suffered great deprivations; all her letters were stopped, and she was not allowed to see any person who was not of the Regent's party. Her uncle the Duke of Sussex was refused admittance, and her situation was therefore discussed in the House of Lords, but no result of importance ensued.

The time was now arrived for the departure of the Princess of Wales; and her daughter was in the greatest distress at the prospect of the separation. She was allowed to spend a day with her mother, for the purpose of taking leave of her, but not in that private manner which would have been most gratifying to their feelings;—no, but with her ladies in waiting in full attendance, and with the Regent's footmen as outriders. They passed the day together in dejection of spirits, occasionally dissipated by anticipations of the future. Could they have foreseen that they were to meet no more upon earth, and that this was a final parting, what would have been their anguish! How kindly is the future hidden from us, that it may not embitter the present scene. When they were at last obliged to say farewell, the Princess of Wales said to her daughter, "Look not, my beloved Charlotte, for consolation under your afflictions from the hands of men; that relief is only temporary and unsubstantial—it passeth away like a shadow, leaving no trace behind. But let your appeal be always to your God; he hears the cries of the sufferer, and heals the wounds of the breaking heart. In prayer, his spirit will descend upon you, and, full of faith in his unchangeable goodness, you will reap a rich reward of earthly happiness."

The Princess Charlotte confided to her mother's care a letter for Prince Leopold, containing an assurance of the continuation of that attachment

which had been mutually acknowledged during the Prince's residence in England.

A tedious monotony now marked the days of the Princess Charlotte, and had it not been for the resources of her own fine mind, the wearisomeness of it would have been enhanced. Morning rides and visits, and evening parties, with people for whose society she had no relish, occupied her time. But her private hours were to her a solace; for then she found enjoyment of various kinds, among which religious duties were not forgotten. On a Sunday evening she would assemble her attendants around her, and read to them a sermon; she would close the evening with an anthem, and then retire to rest with that tranquillity which ever attends an approving conscience. No enjoyments arising from luxury or dissipation, no prospect of worldly pleasure, or selfish indulgence, could induce her to neglect what she considered her duty. She knew that in this life, when we are pursuing a right course, we are often called upon to sacrifice inclination; and though many would have thought that her exalted rank would have exposed her less to this trial than others, the peculiarities of her situation perpetually required the offering.

The Princess regularly corresponded with her mother, as well as with Prince Leopold, which tended much to her comfort and happiness.

In the autumn of 1816, her Royal Highness went to

Weymouth ; and, during her residence there, she frequently took excursions in her yacht. One day, when taking a sail, the *Leviathan*, of seventy four guns, being under sail, brought to, and fired a salute to the royal standard, flying from the yacht. The *Leviathan* was commanded by Captain Nixon, who immediately rowed on board the yacht to pay his respects to the Princess. Her Royal Highness received him on deck ; and, after the usual ceremonies, she expressed a wish to go on board his vessel. This the Bishop of Salisbury, who was with the Princess, opposed ; for he thought that it might not be approved of by her father, for her to venture in an open boat, as the water was very rough. The Princess was resolved ; and, turning to Captain Nixon, she said, "Have the goodness to receive me in your barge, for I am determined to inspect your vessel." The necessary preparations were made ; and her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Bishop and two ladies who were in attendance, entered the barge. Soon after they were seated, the spray dashed upon them, much to the amusement of the Princess, who laughed heartily at the ludicrous faces made by the ladies. When on board of the *Leviathan*, the ship's officers were all introduced, and the freedom and amiability of her Highness's manners delighted the gallant seamen extremely. The surprise of the Princess at the size and strength of the ship was very great, and she exclaimed, "Well

may such noble structures be called ‘The Wooden Walls’ of Old England.” She would inspect the whole of the vessel, and actually visited not only the births, but the cock-pit, powder magazine, store-holds &c., and, on her return upon deck, expressed the great gratification that she had derived. She thanked Captain Nixon and his officers, for their polite attentions, in the most courteous terms. She then gave a purse to the Captain, desiring it to be distributed among the ship’s crew as a token of her respect for them; and left the vessel, under a royal salute, and the still more gratifying cheers of the sailors.

It had been rumoured for some time, that the Princess Charlotte was soon to be married. There were frequent and long sittings of the cabinet, which were known to have reference to her highness; but at last the mystery was solved. Mr. Vick was dispatched by Sir Charles Stewart to invite Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld to England, to receive in marriage the hand of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. On the 20th of February his Highness landed at Dover, where the people assembled in crowds to receive him, and expressed their joy by universal and animated cheers. The prince immediately repaired to London, and took up his residence at the Clarendon Hotel, where he was engaged the principal part of the next day in receiving visits. Lord Castlereagh, being informed of his arrival, hastened to pay his respects, and dispatched

a messenger to Brighton, to communicate to the Prince Regent that Prince Leopold was in London. An invitation was quickly sent to his Serene Highness, requesting him to repair to Brighton, which he lost no time in accepting. There he was received by all ranks with that enthusiastic approbation, which must have been most gratifying to his feelings, as evincing plainly how heartily he was welcomed by the English nation. A few days after, her Majesty, accompanied by her granddaughter and the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary, left Windsor to join the royal party at the pavilion, where the introduction in form was to take place between the royal couple.

During the residence of the illustrious party at Brighton, many preliminaries were arranged relative to the intended marriage; among others, orders were issued for selecting a suitable mansion for their abode, and, after much difficulty, Camelford House was chosen as the most eligible of any that could be procured.

In the mean time Prince Leopold remained at the Pavilion, where, by the affability of his manners, and unassuming deportment, he ingratiated himself with all ranks.

One day, he was walking in the vicinity of the West Cliff, when a violent storm of lightning and hail came on. To avoid the tempest, he took refuge at a small inn, and seating himself, began to read the newspaper. The landlord did not know him, and

expected every moment that some of the good things of his house would be called for, but seeing that the gentleman was not disposed to consider any remuneration requisite for the shelter afforded him, the good man of the house thought that he would give him a gentle hint, that he was not quite of the same opinion. He accordingly approached, and requested to know what the gentleman would please to take? "Nothing," was the reply. "Humph!" said the landlord, in a muttering tone, "if all my guests were like you, I should get but a sorry living." Two gentlemen entered soon after, who recognised the Prince, and saluted him in the most respectful manner. Their politeness was returned with the utmost condescension; and the landlord soon learned the rank of him whom he had just been talking of to his wife as a very shabby fellow. A scene of confusion ensued; the host prepared an apology, which he stammered out to his Highness. When the tempest had subsided, Prince Leopold left the inn, giving the landlord a handsome gratuity for his accommodation, which had the magical effect of making him appear, in the eyes of the innkeeper, every inch a prince.

Soon after the royal party left Brighton for their respective residences: the Prince of Saxe Coburg repaired to the Stud House, in Hampton Park, where he was to remain until his nuptials. As it was the united wish of their Highnesses to have a country

seat, Claremont, situated at a short distance from Esher, had been selected for them. It was well adapted for the purpose, as the house was commodious, and the grounds afforded ample scope for the exercise of the excellent taste of the Princess, in erecting ornamental buildings, and devising other improvements.

On the 10th April, 1816, Mr. Philips, who had been appointed steward to the household of the Princess Charlotte, took possession of Camelford House; and every requisite exertion was used to render it a suitable residence for the illustrious couple. The state liveries were ordered, of dark bottle green, with white cloth waistcoats, decorated with gold lace, in every respect similar to the Prince Regent's, but not of the same colour—as it had been previously arranged that the royal liveries of England were not to be worn by the Princess's servants, but those appertaining to the illustrious house of her consort.

Official notice was now sent to the foreign ambassadors and other distinguished personages, that the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg would take place on the 2d of May.

The public were now all anticipation; and many were the weddings that were postponed for the purpose of being celebrated on the same day as the Princess Charlotte's. It has been computed, that

seven hundred and seventy-four couples were united on that day.

Much form and ceremony occupied the time preceding the marriage, in compliance with court etiquette ; congratulatory compliments were to be received, and formal introductions to take place. At last the happy day arrived ; and from the first dawn of morning the streets leading to the royal residences were crowded.

Prince Leopold was at Clarence House, around which there was an excessive crowd, who, by their cheers and other marks of applause, testified their impatience for a sight of the bridegroom. His Highness had the kindness to come out upon the balcony, where, with the utmost good humour, he remained, bowing to the people, until their curiosity was sufficiently gratified. This he repeated the greater part of the morning ; for when one crowd had dispersed, another assembled, who by their clamours gave intimation that they expected a repetition of his condescension, which was cheerfully vouchsafed, and the Prince was amply repaid by the testimonials of joy and satisfaction evinced. About two o'clock his Highness went to pay a morning visit to the Princess Charlotte at Carlton House, where there was such an assemblage of people that the footmen had the utmost difficulty in making way for the Prince. The Princess Charlotte dined with the Queen and Princesses at Buckingham House ; and Prince

Leopold at his own residence, with a select party of gentlemen. The Princess Charlotte dressed at Buckingham House, and about half-past seven, accompanied by the Queen and Princesses, repaired to Carlton House. The crowd that attended the carriages exceeded all description; the Princess exclaimed, "Bless me! what a crowd!" The royal party were escorted by life-guards, whose attendance was very requisite, for the people followed the carriages, cheering the Princess most vociferously. With the Prince it was quite a ludicrous scene; for several of the women approached, and not satisfied with the usual testimonies of congratulation, gave him a pat on the back, as a proof of their approval, while he was entering and alighting from his carriage. His Serene Highness wore a full British uniform, decorated with the insignia of the Hanoverian order of the Guelphs. He also wore the emblems of knighthood of Saxony, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Denmark; his sword and belt were magnificently ornamented with diamonds, and studded with various gems. The populace wished to take off the horses and draw him to the palace, but were dissuaded from it by the attendants. As soon as he entered the colonnade, the band played "God save the king;" as they also had done on the arrival of the other royal personages.

The marriage was celebrated in the grand crim-

son saloon at Carlton House, which was fitted up suitably for the occasion. When the company were all assembled except the bride and bridegroom, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was ready to commence the ceremony, the Lord Chamberlain left the room, and, returning with Prince Leopold, conducted him to the altar. His Lordship then went for the Princess Charlotte, who entered, leaning on the arm of her uncle, the Duke of Clarence. The Princess wore a slip of white and silver atlas, with a dress of transparent silk net, elegantly embroidered in silver lama, trimmed with Brussels point lace. The train was two yards and a half long, made of rich silver and white atlas, trimmed like the dress. Her Royal Highness advanced steadily to the altar, and went through the ceremony with great firmness; but Prince Leopold evinced much diffidence, and was not so distinctly heard as the Princess. On the termination of the ceremony, the Princess embraced her father, kissed the Queen's hand, and kissed her aunts; she then shook hands with her uncles, and left the room arm in arm with the Prince.

The Tower guns now began to fire—those in St. James's Park joined them, and thus the public were informed by their stentorian voices that the auspicious event was over. The Princess changed her dress for a rich white silk, trimmed with point lace, over which she wore a white satin pelisse, trimmed with broad ermine. The royal pair left Carlton

House for Oatlands (the seat of the Duke of York) about eleven o'clock.

Numerous were the entertainments given to celebrate this event; it was a day of universal joy throughout the kingdom; no one anticipating the sad reverse which was so soon to follow.

The Prince and Princess took possession of their residence at Camelford House upon their return to town, and had to go through a great deal of irksome form and ceremony, in receiving addresses, &c.

Camelford House was found to be a very unsuitable abode for the Prince and Princess; and consequently the whole of the royal establishment left it, at the expiration of a few months, to accompany their royal master and mistress to Claremont.

Here the Princess enjoyed that tranquillity and freedom which she had always been desirous of adopting as her course of life, without ever before having been able to pursue it. A country abode leads to contemplation, and contemplation points to nature's God; whose magnificent and stupendous attributes, when dwelt upon in reflection, tend to arouse in every mind gratitude for his mercies, and a humble dependence on his future aid. These feelings may give birth to religion, where it does not before exist, and strengthen the principle where it is already implanted. The Princess seemed, at Claremont, as happy as mortality is permitted to be. Her time was passed in attending to her flowers,

directing improvements in the grounds, and in riding and walking with the Prince. Occasional visits from the different members of the royal family, and other friends, diversified the scene, and added to its charms.

From her first arrival in the country, the Princess seemed to have divested herself of royalty, and to have assumed the character of a private lady. Her dress was generally of muslin, with a pelisse, and straw bonnet; and, from the simplicity of style in her attire, she was often accosted without her rank being suspected. Her charities in the neighbourhood were very extensive, and many a poor family had personal cause for grief when she was taken away. There were several of the old servants of the late possessor of Claremont, who occupied little tenements in the park, but who did not expect to be permitted to retain their situations under a prince and princess. In this they were mistaken; the new inhabitants were very desirous of adding to the comforts of the dependents, but not of diminishing them.

An old woman, nearly blind with age, kept a little school in one of the lodges, her husband being a shepherd on the estate. They were preparing to remove, not imagining it probable that they should be allowed to remain and continue their occupation; but the Princess, hearing of the circumstance, sent a message to them, desiring them to stay where they were; and often, when her Royal Highness passed

by, she would peep into the school, and exclaim with a smile, "Happy little creatures!"

During the residence of the Princess at Claremont, a beautiful India shawl had been seized by the custom-house officers, which was intended for the Marchioness of H., and which was valued at 3000 guineas. It was chiefly composed of pearls, and being so splendid, was sent for sale to the Princess Charlotte. "In the first place," replied her Highness, "I cannot afford the money; and in the second, I never will connive at an infraction of the laws of my country; therefore I decline the purchase." A beautiful French lace cap was once rejected by the Princess, purely from its being made of foreign materials. She thought it her duty to patronise the manufactures of her own country—and she thought rightly. No Frenchified gewgaw was ever made for her; a Glasgow muslin, an Irish tabbnet, or an English silk, was her usual attire; and highly politic would it be, if our grandees would give, in the present day, similar proofs of their regard for the welfare of their country.

As the Princess's confinement was now hourly in expectation, every necessary preparation was made. The horses were kept saddled night and day, for the purpose of conveying the expresses to the different cabinet ministers; and as the health of the Princess continued excellent, no apprehensions of the fatal result that ensued was entertained. Her Royal

Highness declined receiving visitors ; but amused herself, in conjunction with Mrs. Griffiths, the nurse, in preparing the apparel proper for the expected little stranger ; yet she still continued her accustomed airings, accompanied invariably by the Prince.

Sir Richard Croft and Dr. Baillie were both at Claremont ; the former of whom had been in attendance for upwards of three weeks.

About three o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Princess was taken ill. Expresses were sent off for all the great officers of state, whose duty it was to be present ; and so expeditiously did they obey the summons, that they were at Claremont in less than five hours.

Sir Richard Croft thought proper to send for Dr. John Sims, who came immediately, and gave the benefit of his advice on the occasion.

About nine o'clock on Wednesday evening it was announced, that the Princess had a son, still-born. The vexation occasioned by this disappointment was, in a degree, assuaged by the information, that the mother was doing well. About twelve o'clock the Princess became restless and uneasy, complained of being chilly, and of a pain at her chest. She had much difficulty in swallowing some gruel, and expressed her disgust at the sight of it. The medical attendants became alarmed ; the Prince was immediately summoned, and was soon at the bed-side of his beloved consort. These unfavourable

symptoms rapidly increased ; there was great difficulty in respiration ; and the doctors could no longer conceal their apprehensions. It was thought proper to send dispatches to the cabinet ministers, conveying their unfavourable report.

Prince Leopold's distress was excessive, although the Princess did all she could to soothe and comfort him. She gave him the strongest assurances of hope ; but yet expressed her resignation to the will of Heaven. Her eyes, it is said, scarcely ever moved from his face, and she extended her hand to meet his ; even in the state of exhaustion to which she was reduced, solicitude for him seemed wholly to engage her.

About five minutes before her death, the Princess asked her medical attendants if there was any danger ? Their answer was an entreaty that she would compose herself. " I understand your meaning," she replied ; " I have a request to make, and I beg it may be put in writing." She then expressed a desire that Prince Leopold might, after his decease, be laid by her side, and that etiquette in this particular might be dispensed with.

In the utterance of this request her last words were expended ; she spoke no more. A solemn heart-rending silence followed, unbroken but by the occasional faint murmuring sound of grief, which some of the attendants could not wholly suppress. The dimness of death was creeping over the sight of the

dying Princess; the power of articulation was gone; yet her eyes remained fixed on the countenance of her beloved Leopold, who hung over her in inexpressible agony.

In her last pangs, when all earthly scenes were about to close upon her for ever, the Princess caught the hand of her husband with the convulsive grasp of death. Her head fell on her bosom, and with one gentle sigh she expired.

Prince Leopold's feelings and distraction may be imagined. Scarcely could he believe that she was actually gone: he felt as if it were a delusion, and that he could not in reality have met with such a sad and sudden change, as to be thrown from the enjoyment of the greatest happiness into such an abyss of unforeseen wretchedness.

Information of this melancholy event was dispatched in various directions; and never was grief more generally displayed than on this occasion. All the theatres were closed; preparations for the rejoicings on Lord Mayor's day were stopped, and all the shop windows partially closed.

The mental sufferings of Prince Leopold were so acute, as to occasion great concern; he spoke but little, and passed the most restless nights. An express was sent for his particular friend, Lord Lauderdale; on whose arrival the Prince threw himself into his arms, and burst into an agony of tears. The society of this nobleman contributed much to restore

composure to the Prince. All the royal family were plunged into the deepest affliction, and serious apprehensions were entertained respecting the effect on the Prince Regent, so severely did he feel the loss of his amiable daughter. He ordered a portrait of her, which Sir Thomas Laurence had not yet finished, to be sent for; it was placed, by his command, in the room in which he usually sat, and his whole pleasure seemed to be centred in the contemplation of its lineaments.

The state coffin of the Princess was mahogany, covered with crimson velvet, with silver gilt ornaments: the infant's was of a similar description. The Princess was embalmed; of which intention Prince Leopold received no intimation. When information of the proceeding reached him, it considerably augmented his distress, as he disapproved of the custom, which is not practised on the continent.

It was arranged that the remains of the Princess should leave Claremont, for interment at Windsor, on the 18th of November.

About five in the evening the coffin was placed in the hearse, which was drawn by eight black horses. A mourning coach followed with six black horses, containing the infant, and an urn, in which was the heart of the Princess. Another coach succeeded, with Prince Leopold, whose distress at this moment was most agonizing to behold. The attendants

followed in mourning coaches drawn by four horses ; and an escort of the Tenth Hussars closed the procession. Silence prevailed, uninterrupted but by the deep sighs of those present. Spectators were admitted into the park ; but such was the awe and grief with which they were affected, that not the least noise denoted their presence. The bells of the different towns and villages from Claremont to Windsor tolled solemn sounds, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

At a little before two, the procession entered Windsor, where it was received at the Lower Lodge by the Third Regiment of Foot-Guards. The coach containing the infant and the urn drove to the chapel, where it was properly received, and the coffin and urn placed in the cemetery on a shelf, previous to being placed on the Princess's coffin.

The room in which the corpse lay was hung with black, and the adjoining one was fitted up in a style of state. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, with a broad white border reaching to the ground ; and at the head of it was placed the Princess's coronet, over which, against the wall, was a large silk escutcheon. The room was lighted with wax candles ; but various causes prevented the admission of the public generally from viewing the sad scene.

Prince Leopold expressed his determination to sit up all night with the corpse ; and it was with diffi-

culty that he was prevailed upon to retire for a very short period of time : he visited it during the night, and again at eight in the morning.

At eight in the following evening the coffin was again placed in the hearse and conveyed to the chapel. Prince Leopold, with two attendants, in a mourning coach followed, and a train of empty carriages closed the procession.

The lower division of the chapel was lined with military, bearing flambeaux. Upon entering the choir, the body was placed upon a platform ; and Prince Leopold, in a long black cloak, sat at the head of the corpse, with the Dukes of York and Clarence, in similar cloaks, as his supporters, on each side of him. After the service and the anthem, the body was slowly lowered into the vault, during which, as it gradually sunk from the eyes of Prince Leopold, his grief became alarming : he struggled to overcome his feelings, and partially succeeded. The office for the dead was then concluded in a very impressive manner ; after which Sir Isaac Heard proclaimed the style of her late Royal Highness, which terminated the ceremony.

Prince Leopold departed immediately for Claremont, accompanied by Dr. Short, where he indulged in all the luxury of grief. The cloak and bonnet which the Princess wore the last time that she walked out, had been placed by her own hands on a screen in their usual sitting room ; there they re-

mained for a considerable time, by the Prince's command, as he had a melancholy pleasure in looking at them. The Princess's watch long continued on the mantle-piece, in precisely the same situation in which she herself had placed it, as Prince Leopold would not allow it to be removed. All the Prince's friends united with the royal family in efforts to abstract him from the contemplation of these melancholy objects of his departed happiness; and at last change of scene was resolved upon, and his Serene Highness repaired to Weymouth, where he in some degree recovered his tranquillity. Time produced its usual consolatory effects; and though Prince Leopold will, doubtless, ever remember the Princess Charlotte with feelings of gratitude and affection, yet Divine Providence enabled him to submit with resignation to its decrees, and gradually to regain his usual serenity.

LINES

ON THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

How vain the hope whose basis is on earth,
Though Reason smile propitious at its birth !
To day 'tis brilliant as the rising sun,
But, ere to morrow—is for ever flown.
How then can man such confidence display
On what, alas ! he can't secure one day ?
Can rank or riches certain peace bestow ?
Thy friends, fair Princess, well could answer No.
They hoped to see thee seated on the throne,
And not thy early death to have to mourn.
Thou wert well gifted for the regal state,
And oft compared t' Elizabeth the Great.
But not for us were all thy virtues given,
They were to fit thee for a place in heaven,
Where now, we trust, thou hast that genuine joy
Unknown on earth,—sweet bliss without alloy.

MRS. JAMES FORDYCE.

MISS CUMMYNG and her brother were the only surviving children of their parents, and were left orphans in their early youth. Their father was descended from a noble and ancient Scotch family, distinguished in history, some of whose members were eminent for their virtues. This gentleman indulged his taste and inclinations, unmindful of prudence, and left his widow and her two children with very limited means of support.

Mrs. Cummyng was a superior character—her judgment was excellent, and her mind highly cultivated; but, unfortunately, Henrietta and her brother were deprived, by death, of their inestimable mother before the former had completed her tenth year. The education of her daughter had been most assiduously attended to by Mrs. C. She knew the importance of first impressions, and she carefully implanted in her young mind the finest principles, pointing out to her their emanation from Christianity. Learning, instead of being made a task, Henrietta was taught to consider as a privilege. In the mind of the little girl, rectitude seemed

innate; and the happy manner in which she received her mother's instructions, and followed all her precepts, gave the fairest promise of her future excellence.

On the death of her beloved mamma, Miss Fordyce was consigned to the care of Mrs. Baron Muir, to whom she was related. This amiable and accomplished lady's opinions, respecting the education of her little charge, were in perfect accordance with those of her late departed parent, and consequently the same judicious plans were continued. In music she excelled, particularly in singing; and for drawing, she displayed decided talent. She wrote poetry with great ease and elegance; and her verses possess a gaiety and wit which mingle to delight, but not to wound—for no satire ever flowed from her pen. In works of fancy few could excel Miss Cummyng. Ornamental decorations for the boudoir or drawing-room were no sooner seen than they were imitated, and generally surpassed by her dextrous fingers. But these are only minor qualities that claim merely our admiration; in addition to which, Henrietta possessed those of first-rate excellence, which command and secure esteem. Her piety was sound, unobtrusive, and practical; her principles firm and correct; and her charity was such, that it preserved her from all illiberal remarks, and caused her to preserve her friends throughout life.

Henrietta's property was very trifling ; yet such was her economy and excellent management, that she was able to retain in her service an old attached servant, who had nursed her in her infancy ; and in order to benefit this person, and to assist her in supporting her aged father, she instructed her in various fancy works, and allowed her to devote a portion of her time in making and selling them for her own and parent's benefit.

At the decease of Mrs. Baron Muir, Miss Cummyng was invited by the Countess of Balcarras to reside with her. This lady had three daughters some years younger than Miss C., to whom she hoped that her young friend would prove beneficial, as affording a fine model for imitation. Her ladyship considered also, that Miss Cummyng's youth required a protection, which it would be in her power to supply, while her amiable qualities and talents would considerably increase her own domestic happiness. The invitation was accepted ; and a similarity of tastes and sentiments caused it to be the bond of a union which was broken only by death.

Lady A. L. Balcarras was the decided favourite of her mother, and, as is the usual fate of favourites, sunk in the estimation of others. Certain it is, that she was the least beloved of the three sisters by Miss Cummyng, as there were no points in which Lady A. L. and Miss C. accorded. In tastes,

tempers, and pursuits, they were quite dissimilar, so that a friendship could not exist between them; yet no dislike arose. Contented with seeking intimates in more congenial minds, they did not attempt to depreciate each other on account of their different opinions; but in the society of Lady M. L., the youngest daughter, Henrietta found a charm that endeared that young lady as if she had been her sister. Their attachment increased as years rolled on, and displayed more fully the amiability of Lady M.; and Lady Balcarras had the pleasure of seeing realized her expectation of the advantage that would result from her daughters' intercourse with Miss Cummyng. Lady M. L. became her counterpart in all that was good and praiseworthy, and a strong and firm friendship was cemented between them.

At the period of Miss Cummyng's youthful days, it was customary for young people to attend dancing schools, which were kept purposely for their instruction, and often attended promiscuously by both sexes. At one of these establishments, at Edinburgh, Henrietta formed an acquaintance with Miss Fordyce; and when a separation ensued, a correspondence was begun, which led to a very important event in the life of Miss C.

This young lady had a brother, James Fordyce, who was a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, eminent for his learning, abilities, and piety. He

was a native of Aberdeen, in which city his father had filled the office of chief magistrate, and was held in high estimation for his superior talents and reputation. Of all his numerous family, not one was more highly gifted than James, who had already taken the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and had acquired much celebrity both as an author and preacher. His sister, Henrietta's correspondent, showed her friend's letters to her brother James, who was so delighted with their wit, and the sentiments which they expressed, that he was extremely desirous of forming an acquaintance with the writer. He had just been appointed minister at Alloa, and as his flock were discontented and prejudiced, he deemed it prudent not to absent himself until he had conciliated their favour. Consequently he wrote to Miss Cummyng, declaring his admiration, and soliciting the favour of her acquaintance.

Thus a correspondence commenced, which continued for two years before the parties met ; but so similar were their tastes, principles, and opinions, that they became strongly attached to each other ; and though romantic proceedings usually terminate in disappointment, this was an exception, for their meeting confirmed their prepossessions, and ultimately led to a very happy marriage.

During Miss Cummyng's correspondence with Dr. Fordyce, General Græme, who was so highly esteemed by the then reigning monarch, George the Third

and who was related to Lady Balcarras, came to pay her a visit. This led to an introduction to Miss C., whose fascinating manners and animated conversation greatly delighted the general; further intercourse displayed her superior merits, and procured her his esteem and respect. Just at this time she had finished embroidering a dress, which she presented to Lady Balcarras on her birth-day. The beauty of the design, and the skill evinced in its execution, claimed and obtained universal admiration. It was worn by her ladyship at St. James's Palace, and attracted the notice of the Queen. Her Majesty's encomiums on the work, and inquiries respecting Henrietta, caused General Græme, who was present, to communicate to her Majesty the high opinion which he entertained of Miss Cummyng's qualifications. This opinion, no doubt, had great influence with her Majesty, in causing her afterwards to resolve to confer on this young lady an office of high trust.

Henrietta could not hear of her Majesty's encomiums on her performance without feeling a grateful sense of her condescension; she resolved to exert her utmost ingenuity in the execution of some embroidery; and if the result proved satisfactory, and the work should be thought worthy of the Queen's acceptance, to solicit Lady Balcarras's assistance in the presentation of it to her Majesty.

Henrietta used her utmost art in embroidering two groups of flowers on white satin, for fire-screens, and succeeded to her satisfaction: the work was universally admired, and deemed quite suitable for its high destination. Through the instrumentality of Lady Balcarras it was sent to London, and laid at the feet of her Majesty, who was most graciously pleased, not only to accept the offering, but to express her high admiration of the talent displayed in its execution.

Soon after this event Lady Buchan returned to Scotland from London, and her first visit was to Balcarras. The two Countesses had a private conference, which lasted a considerable time; and when they joined the family circle, it was evident that some momentous affair occupied their thoughts. At last Miss Cummyng was informed, with much gravity, that her Majesty had most graciously vouchsafed to command her attendance at Court, when the appointment of Governess to the Princesses would be conferred upon her. Astonishment for a time suspended the current of her ideas; but, on recovering her self-possession, she looked alternately on the assembled party to see the effect produced by this unlooked for communication. She was disposed to consider it a jest; but the silence and seriousness of those present instantly convinced her of this mistake. At last she exclaimed, "I can never accept of this appointment; I cannot be restrained. I could

work, were it necessary, but I could not serve." Every one was amazed at this declaration, and a long debate ensued; but Henrietta remained firm in refusing the honour that awaited her. She was not disposed to give up the tranquil independence which she enjoyed, for the luxury and honours of a court, coupled with restraint and servility. Her disposition was so uncongenial to the kind of life which an acceptance of this appointment would have imposed, that it was happy for her that she had sufficient strength of mind to prefer freedom with mediocrity, to an exaltation which could not be enjoyed but at the sacrifice of liberty. A most dutiful and humble answer was sent to the Queen, and many causes assigned for the offered distinction being declined; although, in fact, not one existed, except the disinclination of the young lady for the proffered honour. Her Majesty was pleased to write, with her own hand, a letter to Miss Cummyng, in which she expressed her regret that the Princesses could not have the advantage of her instruction; and desired her acceptance of a brilliant diamond ring, of considerable value, which accompanied the letter.

A short time after the royal offer was declined, Dr. Fordyce announced his intention of visiting the Countess of Balcarras, in compliance with her Ladyship's often repeated invitation. He came, accompanied by his favourite brother, Sir William; and both were received with that warm welcome and

frank hospitality which so eminently characterize the Scotch. Thus Miss Cummyng and the Doctor met for the first time; and in the course of his visit, which was rather of a friendly length than a ceremonious one, he and Henrietta were seriously engaged to each other.

The lady fancied that her admirer bore a strong personal resemblance to the bust of Cicero, which, with other ornaments, decorated the library at Balcarras; and fancying also that the similarity extended to his writings, she named him the "modern Cicero," an appellation which he retained ever after, and by which he was known among the most celebrated literati of the age. During the Doctor's residence at Balcarras, he ascertained that Miss Cummyng possessed fervent piety, the only source of real goodness, and from which issued those superior graces that so highly distinguished her. This conviction diffused through his own feelings a sanctity and serenity that considerably heightened his happiness. Had he found Henrietta merely composed of a fine creative imagination, endowed with wit and talent, but destitute of firm religious principles, and wanting in those powers of mind which are requisite to display those principles in conduct, he would never have thought seriously of her. Decorative qualities may please and dazzle, but they cannot alone procure lasting esteem and affection. Sir William was highly pleased with his brother's choice, and, as an appro-

priate compliment to Miss Cummyng, whose figure was very small and delicate, he named her "Queen of the Fairies." The brothers at last took their leave ; the Doctor returned to his flock, and Sir William to his practice as a physician, in which he was then rising to great celebrity.

Dr. Fordyce was not long before he made a second visit to Balcarras, and brought with him his brother Alexander, an eminent banker, possessed of very considerable wealth. This gentleman was soon captivated with the beauty and elegance of Lady Margaret, Henrietta's attached friend ; and, as he was handsome and insinuating in manners, and her affections were entirely disengaged, he soon had the happiness of being a successful lover. The Countess favoured the wealthy suitor ; and, without an acquaintance of sufficient length to ascertain whether there existed that similarity of sentiments and principles requisite to secure happiness in matrimony, they were married, and left Scotland, accompanied by Lady Ann Lindsay, in a gorgeous equipage, for a magnificent establishment in the vicinity of London. The Doctor was very much disposed to follow his brother's example ; but Miss Cummyng, happy in her freedom, although attached to him very sincerely, invented excuses to postpone fulfilling her engagement.

About a year after the marriage of Mr. Alexander Fordyce, Lady Balcarras and Miss Cummyng came

to London, for the purpose of accepting the often repeated invitation of Mr. and Lady Fordyce. They were munificently entertained; and it was evident that their host took no little pleasure in displaying to Lady Balcarras the luxurious and elegant style which distinguished his establishment. Lady Margaret's equipage and dress were so splendid as not to be easily surpassed; various services of costly plate appeared at table, where a princely hospitality was supported. After some time passed in a most agreeable manner, Lady Balcarras began to think of returning to Scotland. Solicited by the Doctor, she united her influence with his, to induce Miss Cummyng to be married first. As the lady still seemed desirous to postpone this affair, in opposition to the wishes of her friends, they had recourse to a very singular stratagem for settling the matter; and they considered this proceeding perfectly justifiable, knowing, as they did, of her strong attachment to the Doctor, and that she was unable to assign any reasonable cause for delaying the union.

One morning, after breakfast, the housekeeper entered, and presented, as usual, her bill of fare. Lady Margaret made several alterations and additions, and informed her friends that she expected some gentlemen from the city that evening, whom Mr. Fordyce wished to be entertained with particular attention. Then turning to the housekeeper, she desired that supper might be served in the grand

saloon, and that the gold dessert service might be used, with many other similar orders. Mr. Alexander Fordyce had a beautiful seat at Roehampton, where he principally resided, and the family were there during Lady Balcarras's visit to England.

During the day a French hair-dresser made his appearance, and all the ladies underwent the tedious ceremony of having their hair curled, frizzed, and pomatumed, in a style which was then thought highly becoming; and which I really think was much more so than the flat inelegant German fashion now adopted by our fashionables, and which it is in the power of their maids exactly to imitate. This is, however, matter of opinion. The ladies at Roehampton had piles upon piles of curls; and what with powder, cushions, and bows, their heads presented a very formidable appearance. The business of the toilette came next. Lady Balcarras had made Miss Cummyng a present of an elegant white dress for her wedding; she requested Henrietta, as a particular favour, that she would wear it that evening, assigning as a cause for the request, that her daughters intended wearing similar dresses. Henrietta wished to expostulate, but Lady B.'s manner seemed to forbid disobedience, and she was accordingly obeyed. When the party re-assembled, Lady Margaret appeared in a silver net dress, over white satin, blazing in diamonds; her sister was similarly attired; and Lady Balcarras sparkled in all the family jewels.

The drawing-rooms were brilliantly illuminated. Henrietta was all astonishment—she knew not what to think. Lady Margaret had not given any intimation of expecting a numerous company ; on the contrary, she had stated that only a few gentlemen were expected. Presently carriages were heard in the court-yard, and in a few minutes the three brothers of the mansion were announced, and two strange gentlemen. Miss Cummyng observed that the Doctor was as much dressed as was consistent with his profession. He wore light grey silk stockings, with gold shoe, knee, and stock buckles ; and his wig was dressed in the nicest order. The whole party seemed in high spirits, and were complimenting each other in the most agreeable manner.

She was bewildered ; and seemed the only one present, who saw no cause for this more than usual splendour. At last, Dr. Fordyce approached her, took her hand, and endeavoured to compose her spirits ; for a presentiment of the truth having flashed across her mind, she had become pale and agitated. “ Sister,” said Sir William, taking her other hand, “ you are above affectation ; all here unite in wishes for your happiness.” He then led her to the chapel belonging to the house ; it was lighted up, and prepared for the occasion. The mystery was now over ; the bride recovered herself ; and every one knelt round the altar. One of the strangers who had accompanied the brothers, a reverend dean, began

the ceremony : it suffered a slight interruption from the Doctor's persisting to substitute the word *honour* for *worship*, in the sentence—"With my body I thee worship." When the dignitary saw that the Doctor was inflexible (for he had three times repeated the words, and each time the Doctor, in following him, had made the alteration), after a pause, the Dean proceeded, and the ceremony was concluded. His reverence, no doubt, paused to consider the importance of the deviation ; and deeming it too trifling for notice, he finished the sacred ordinance.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. James Fordyce enjoyed more happiness than is usual in this life. Their perfect accordance in important matters, and their mutual regard, which led each to study how best to promote the happiness of the other, almost divested life of those little disagreeables, to which all are subject, either more or less. Their dear brother William passed much of his time in their society, and accompanied them in various excursions which they made to relieve the monotony of domestic pleasures, or rather to endear them, for they always seemed to enjoy, with increased satisfaction, after absence, the calm tranquillity of their own beloved home.

None are exempt in this world from trouble ; but those who remember from whom it is sent, and who let that recollection teach them the duty of submis-

sion, are enabled to bear it with much greater fortitude than the unthinking worldling. Mr. Alexander Fordyce's extensive speculations took, at last, an unexpected course: to the amazement of his friends, he became a bankrupt, and the private fortunes of his brothers, with which he had been entrusted, were irrecoverably lost. The opportunity which now occurred, for the display of Mrs. Fordyce's talents and virtues, was not lost. Alterations in her establishment were made in the most judicious manner; the happy influence of which was seen in every thing, although no effort was visible. She rose superior to the helplessness of genteel life; and, by personal exertions, remedied, as well as possible, the deprivations of those elegancies which propriety induced them to discard. So admirable was her conduct, and so well did she manage every thing, that her husband frequently declared, that he never missed his fortune. The reverse of circumstances was borne so magnanimously by this happy pair, that it scarcely seemed to be a misfortune, and was far less afflicting than what they were doomed soon after to endure. Their attached brother William continued to share their humble felicity, and frequently adverted to the propriety of the name which he had bestowed on Mrs. Fordyce, by calling her Queen of the Fairies, since the alteration in their fortunes occasioned such a display of her superior management as to justify the supposition of her supernatural powers.

In the midst of high professional popularity, while in the very zenith of his fame, the amiable Sir William was attacked with a rapid inflammation; which soon deprived his family and friends of a beloved and valuable associate, and the public of a skilful and benevolent physician. To his brother James, and his wife, he left his property; but, alas! to them such a bequest only added poignancy to their sorrow, as, by showing the strength of his affection for them, it increased their regret at the severing of those bonds of mutual affection by which they had been united.

Dr. Fordyce continued for many years an active and successful divine. His practice enforced the precepts which his preaching inculcated; and where that is the case, God's blessing surely follows. The doctor was an author of considerable reputation, and is said to have derived no less a sum than £10,000 from his works; many of which were sermons written in a superior style, yet abounding in beautiful simplicity. When years and infirmities caused his public duties to be more irksome, and less beneficial, this wisely judging man left the pulpit to younger and more able preachers, and wisely confined his still active exertions to a private sphere of action.

He then went to reside at Bath, and, with his beloved Henrietta, continued to make it his residence until he was summoned to his heavenly mansion.

This event was very sudden ; but, to those who are prepared, it matters little how short the notice ; and as few could surpass the Doctor in Christian attainments, there is no doubt but that his hasty removal was to him a joyful surprise.

The Doctor had been declining for some time, but no apprehension of immediate danger was entertained. He passed the last evening of his life in company with his wife and niece, the former of whom read, for his entertainment, William Cooper's Letters to the Jews. After she had finished, he requested the young lady to oblige him with some music ; and he took such interest in the performance as to request her to repeat a favourite air which she had played. He then conversed on the many blessings lavished on man by his bountiful Creator ; and, addressing himself to Mrs. Fordyce, said, " If I should leave you, there are many resources which remain for you, and of which I desire you will avail yourself : there are books, friendship, and music, besides others which I might name. Cast yourself upon your Redeemer—he will care for you, and raise you up friends. There are books called religious offices, preparations for the sacrament, preparations for death, &c.; but for, my own part, I think that a man is not truly prepared for death, unless by the tenor of his life he feels himself so wholly given up to God that his mind is in Heaven before he goes hence." Mrs. Fordyce felt agitated, and tried to change the con-

versation, by observing how much his health was improved lately. To this he assented; and added, that although ready to depart whenever it pleased God, he was not tired of life. He partook of supper moderately, as usual, and about eleven o'clock went up stairs to bed.

Mrs. Fordyce sat by his bed-side, conversing with him on various subjects, for nearly two hours, when he urged her to retire for the sake of her health. Her apartment joined his, and there was a door of communication between them, which enabled Mrs. F. to hear if he moved.

About two o'clock he awoke, and lighted a wax taper from his lamp, to take his medicine, which, with other things, was on a dumb waiter close to his bed. He forgot to extinguish the bougie; which, taking fire in the bunch, awoke him in some alarm after he had again fallen asleep. The Doctor then called to his wife, who, awaking in a fright, sprung from her bed, and in her hurry hit her head against the door, which caused her to reel on coming up to him. "I called to you, my love," said he, "lest the smell of fire, which the bougie occasioned, should have frightened you. He then got up, and called the servants with a firm voice to attend to Mrs. Fordyce, fearing she was hurt, nor could his wife persuade him to go to bed again until he had got her some sal volatile. He then said to her, "You have paid dear for coming to

me by this blow; are you better now?" "Oh! yes," replied Mrs. Fordyce, "quite well, quite well." "God be praised!" said he, raising his hands; and, with the words in his mouth, he fell into his wife's arms, and expired without a sigh or a struggle. The servants (who had entered the room, when summoned by the doctor) immediately fled for assistance in various directions, but all was useless. Mrs. Fordyce, in the delirium of her grief, uttered piercing cries for the re-animation of the body, but the spirit had flown, and for ever, to the God who gave it.

Mrs. Fordyce was a long time before she recovered from the shock of her husband's death—yet death she never would allow it to be called, always maintaining that he was translated. Her sorrow was at length tempered by resignation; and she derived much comfort in the prospect of rejoining him in another world, as the doctor had always strengthened her in the opinion, that kindred souls would recognize each other hereafter. Her circumstances were good, as she inherited for life Sir William's property as well as the Doctor's.

Mrs. Fordyce retained her fine faculties to the latest period of her existence; and so fascinating was her conversation, that many have been known to form plans for an introduction to her society. Her letters were elegantly written, but with such a vein of drolery running through them, that her style could always be known; she could turn prose into poetry with great

ease, and often amused herself in that manner. As for her charities, they were felt, but not known; for she would often put her name down to a subscription for half a crown, and send privately a bank note of value.

Mrs. Fordyce ate always very sparingly on Good Friday, and never on that day partook of meat: her reason was, that it reminded her of the sacrifice, and prevented company from troubling her. Even intimate friends were not received on that holy day. Her opinion on the transubstantiation of our Saviour's body, believed by the Roman Catholics, I insert for the instruction of my young readers, as I think it may account, in some degree, for a belief so contrary to the tenor of scripture. Our Saviour and his Apostles generally conversed in the Syriac language, which has no verb implying "to signify," consequently the interpreters have had recourse to the decisive "is," which has probably occasioned the error in translating our Redeemer's words. Yet we can hardly suppose but that some of the Catholic priests are aware of this; but where blindness is wilful, light shines in vain.

When Mrs. Fordyce had attained her eighty-sixth year, accident introduced her to an old friend, a relation of the Fordyce's, who with her daughter consented, at the request of Mrs. F., to reside with her; for, enfeebled as she was by years and infirmities, she felt unable to superintend her esta-

blishment, and was subject to perpetual disagreeables from the impositions of her servants. Mrs. H. took from her all these cares, and contributed much to the comfort of her last days. To the young lady Mrs. Fordyce became much attached; and she was taking a warm interest in a matrimonial engagement, which she was likely to form, when death summoned her from all earthly considerations.

In the month of January, when in her eighty-ninth year, Mrs. Fordyce was taken very ill in the middle of the night. The relation who lived with her was alarmed by the ringing of her bell. Mrs. F. was found leaning against a cabinet, and complained of a violent pain in the chest. The servants quickly prepared some warm tea, which alleviated the pain; and, after taking medicine prescribed by her medical attendant, she seemed much relieved. During the whole of the next day, she was extremely drowsy, and took very little nourishment. On the succeeding morning, she requested her solicitor to be sent for; but, unfortunately, a whole day elapsed before he came, and though Mrs. Fordyce's faculties of mind remained, her powers of expression were so far gone as to render what she said unintelligible to the lawyer. He requested that those who could understand her would write down sums and names, and that he would do the rest: he left her without making the will. The dear sufferer asked for pen and ink, and wrote a few imperfect lines, but she was incapable

of the effort. Spasms of pain came on ; she shook, convulsed with endeavours to write more ; she feebly uttered, “ O God ! one hour—one hour ! just—just ” It was impossible—the darkening mists of death were obscuring her sight, and her eyes had lost all means of intelligence.

She dozed the remainder of the day, and towards evening her friend held some tea to her lips. “ My dear, dear Mrs. Fordyce, do you know me ? ” said Mrs. H. “ I know and love you,” she distinctly replied, while she feebly pressed the hand which held her’s. Mrs. H. kissed her forehead ; there the damp dews of death were gathering. Alarmed, she looked again at her eyes ; there was a vacant gaze, without any expression, yet her countenance bore testimony of the happy state of her mind. A seraphic smile spoke of joy commencing : a few sighs were uttered—and she became a saint in Heaven.

L I N E S

ON MRS. JAMES FORDYCE.

Gay and pretty, as you hear,
Jocund too, and debonair;
Lightly tripping oft was seen
Dr. Fordyce's Fairy Queen.

Skill'd well in the art to please,
Yet, in sport, she'd sometimes tease;
But of such a charming Fairy,
No one could e'er be weary.

When at home, enthroned with pow'r,
She so managed ev'ry hour,
That the magic of her wand
Brought things wanting, at command.

Yet with all this wit and mirth,
Oft her thoughts were not on earth
From its follies, they would rove,
To the wisdom that's above.

For though lively all the day,
Without pray'r none pass'd away,
She well knew that time was giv'n
Only to prepare for Heav'n.

MRS. HANNAH MOORE.

HANNAH MOORE was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Mr. Jacob Moore, who was originally designed for the church ; but domestic disappointments, in consequence of a law-suit, defeated the intention of his parents, and compelled him to accept of the superintendence of a foundation school near Stapleton. He married the daughter of a respectable farmer, who exhibited much sound judgment in the regulation of her family, and was deservedly esteemed and beloved.

The eldest Miss Moore was sent to school at Bristol, to be qualified for a governess ; and as she regularly passed the Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Hannah availed herself of these opportunities to acquire from her the lessons which she had learnt during each interval, and sedulously studied them herself the following week. At eight years old her desire for learning became so conspicuous, that her father thought it his duty to attend to it ; and although he very much disliked female pedantry, he instructed his

talented daughter in Latin and mathematics, and was frightened, as he expressed himself, at his own success. Some French officers, who were on their parole in Mr. Moore's neighbourhood, were his frequent guests, and from them Hannah acquired a free and elegant knowledge of their language.

When Miss Moore was nearly twenty-one years of age, in conformity with their father's long-projected intentions, the sisters opened a boarding-school at Bristol, which, from its commencement, was attended with uncommon success. Hannah had not then quite completed her twelfth year, and benefited much by the attendance of the masters, and by the general course of study. When she was about sixteen, Mr. Sheridan came to Bristol, to give lectures on eloquence; and such was the impression they made on Hannah, that she could not avoid expressing her feelings in a copy of verses, which was presented to the lecturer by a friend. This led to an introduction to Mr. S., who much admired the dawning genius of the amiable and talented girl. In those days it was customary for young people to commit to memory parts of plays, and frequently their moral tendency was exceptionable. Our young moralist was aware of this; and, for the use of juvenile declaimants, she wrote the pastoral drama of the "Search after Happiness,"

which completely answered the intended purpose.

At the age of twenty she cultivated with assiduity the Italian, Latin, and Spanish languages ; and her translation of Metastasio's opera of *Regulus*, which she wrote about this time, was published some years after by the title of "The Inflexible Captive."

A few years after, Miss H. Moore received the addresses of a gentleman of fortune, twenty years her senior, and her marriage was generally expected. She gave up her interest in the school, and was at great expence in suitable preparations to appear in conformity with her expected elevation. The day was fixed more than once for her wedding, and each time postponed at the request of the gentleman. At last her friends interfered, as they could not allow her to be so trifled with. The cause of such conduct in Mr. T., the intended bridegroom, is rather inexplicable. It appears that he liked to contemplate matrimony at a distance, but was alarmed at its near approach ; for, when urged to an explanation, he still declared himself willing to marry Miss Hannah ; but his conduct having occasioned an alteration in her sentiments, she persevered in her determination not to renew the engagement. The final separation was at last amicably agreed upon, and the contract broken

off by mutual consent. The gentleman proposed settling an annuity upon Miss Moore—a proposal to which she firmly refused her consent. However, he thought proper to communicate on the subject with Dr. Stonehouse (a friend of Miss Hannah's, who had kindly interposed in this delicate affair), to whom he declared his intention of securing to the lady an annual sum, sufficient to enable her to devote herself to literary pursuits, and thus to compensate, in some degree, for the unpleasant situation in which he had involved her. Dr. S. consulted Miss Moore's relatives; and their unanimous opinion was, that a part of the annuity proposed might be accepted, consistent with the utmost propriety. The settlement was accordingly completed, without the lady's knowledge; Dr. Stonehouse accepting of the office of trustee. The gentleman ever after expressed the highest esteem and respect for Miss H. Moore, and at his death bequeathed her a thousand pounds.

The tender and delicate mind of Miss Moore was sensibly affected by the embarrassing circumstances of this engagement; and her feelings on the occasion induced her to resolve to avoid a similar entanglement. Not long afterwards her hand was again solicited, but she refused to marry, although she much respected the proposer, with whom she kept up a friendly acquaintance.

Miss Moore visited London in company with her sisters, and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, by a person who was a mutual acquaintance. Garrick was so much pleased with her, that he presented her to the best and most gifted of his friends. To Dr. Johnson she was introduced at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was received by him with the utmost good humour. He accosted her by repeating a verse from a Morning Hymn of her own writing, and continued in one of his most agreeable moods during the whole of the evening. When more intimately acquainted, the Doctor expressed his high approval of Miss Moore's literary productions, while she, in return, properly estimated the stupendous powers of his mind; thus a mutual esteem arose between them, which continued until the Doctor's death.

In January, 1776, Miss M. wrote her poem of "Sir Edward of the Bower;" to which she added a shorter one, called "The Bleeding Rock." These were purchased and published by Cadell, who continued her publisher for nearly forty years. This production procured Miss Moore much praise, as well as profit; it was universally read and admired, and was the means of extending her reputation.

Her connexion with Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and other celebrated characters, was the cause

of her introduction into a very high circle of society, in which her talents were duly appreciated; but applause and admiration caused no change in the natural simplicity of her manners—she still retained her usual amiability.

Hannah Moore's next production was the tragedy of "Percy," which was performed at Covent Garden Theatre with the greatest applause. From this work Miss Moore realized six hundred pounds. Garrick was instrumental in the introduction of "Percy" to the manager; and it was fortunate for Miss Moore that it had his support, which would not have been the case had it been delayed, for Garrick died the following year.

Soon after this event Miss Moore presented Mr. Harris with another tragedy, called "Fatal Falsehood," which he immediately caused to be represented. This play had been written before Garrick's death, and met his approval; but, although successful, it did not meet from the public an equal share of applause with its predecessor, "Percy," which had been translated into German, and performed at Vienna.

After Garrick's death, Miss Moore gradually retired from many of those worldly and pleasurable pursuits which till then had engaged much of her attention. She spent a good deal of her time with Mrs. Garrick, who, deeply afflicted at the loss of her husband, could not endure the

thought of again mingling with general society. Retirement, and the impression made on her mind by the unexpected death of Garrick, aroused Hannah Moore's better feelings, and caused her to think that it was time to devote to her Maker's service the splendid talents with which he had endowed her.

Her Essays soon after made their appearance, and met with the praise so justly their due. A poem on Sensibility quickly succeeded, followed by the Sacred Dramas, which are very generally known. The poem of "Bas Bleu" followed, and was enthusiastically admired by Dr. Johnson, and indeed by everybody else. It will not be possible here to enumerate all Miss Moore's literary productions, or their success, as it would occupy too much time and space. Her poetry was excellent; and Garrick, in allusion to the Muses, as if they had taken up their residence in her mind, used to call her the Nine.

From the period when Miss Moore first became a literary character she passed a portion of every year in London; and in proportion as her fame increased, so did her acquaintance; but while in town, she resided principally at Garrick's. Miss Moore was evidently much affected at the evident approaching death of Dr. Johnson, who had always been to her a true friend. This great man in his will, which was made shortly before

he expired, made a public confession of his faith, stating, that his only hope of salvation rested on the merits of his Saviour. He died happy, yet regretting that he had not devoted his life more to his Maker's service. What lessons to the living do death-beds afford ! and how great is the power of sin, which causes them so often to be given in vain !

In the midst of the gaiety with which Miss Moore was constantly surrounded when in London, a sense of religion ever attended her ; she regularly read the Scriptures, frequented public worship, and never could be induced to go to parties on the sabbath day. At last, the genuine characteristics of her mind began to display themselves more openly ; and, wearied with scenes of greatness and display, she longed for the tranquillity of retirement. With a view of contracting the circle of her acquaintance, she built a pretty residence called Cowslip Green, in a secluded spot near Bristol, which she made her home ; although she continued to spend a part of every year in London. This arrangement occasioned her time to pass in the most agreeable manner.

In one of her letters to her sisters, she mentions the following repartee, which appears to me so excellent, that I insert it for the amusement of my young readers :—" A gentleman of sense and learning, but whose coat was not of the newest

Paris cut, was sitting at dinner between two *petit-maitres* of the first water, who agreed to roast him, and accordingly assailed him with many impertinent questions. After patiently enduring their rudeness for some time, he said to them, "Gentlemen, I will gratify your desire to be acquainted with my character. *He bien, donc! le voici—je suis ni sot, ni fol, mais je suis entre les deux.*" This witticism procured him good treatment the rest of the visit.

Much merit is due to Mrs. Moore for publishing such a work as her "*Thoughts on the Importance and Manners of the Great,*" as she certainly risked losing the friendship of many of those with whose notice she was honoured, by such a public animadversion on their conduct. But she felt it her duty thus to express her opinion, from the hope that she might benefit her fellow-creatures, and from the conviction which this hope produced, that she ought to do it. The work went through four or five editions before it was known who was the author, though many suspected it to be Mrs. Moore's. It was well received, and was no doubt beneficial to many.

Mrs. Moore mentions, in her letters to her sisters, an account of the first mental malady with which George the Third was afflicted. Dr. Willis, who attended his Majesty, told her, that during his intervals of reason, he evinced

the greatest piety, with the utmost sweetness of temper, and goodness of heart. He shed tears when informed of certain afflicting circumstances which had befallen a nobleman; but yet expressed his entire acquiescence to the will of God. This excellent monarch, upon his recovery, went to St. Paul's, attended by his family, publicly to return his thanks to the Almighty: the churches were all open, and the day observed as a holy-day. Upon this joyful occasion, every body was giving entertainments; routes, galas, and festivities of various descriptions were universal. Three thousand charity children attended the service at St. Paul's, each of whom was supplied with a roll and two apples for refreshment. The king was most joyfully received by the people; but they were temperate in their acclamations, from a fear of overpowering his feelings.

The scene at the Cathedral was sublimely awful and impressive. The idea of thus publicly returning thanks to God was most noble on the part of our beloved king; it testified his reliance on the Almighty, and his desire that his people should be impressed with the same feelings.

The Queen and Princesses went to see the illuminations, and did not get back to Kew till after one o'clock. When the carriage stopped on their return, her Majesty observed a gentleman coming towards the coach-door without a hat;

it was the King, who came to hand her out. The Queen scolded him for being up and out so late, but he replied to her in a very gallant manner, that he could not possibly go to bed, and sleep, until he knew that she was returned in safety. One lady of rank caused two hundred Sunday school children to walk in procession to church, and then to return to her house to dinner, where they were regaled with roast-beef and plum-pudding. After singing a psalm of praise, and "God save the King," they were dismissed with baskets full of good things for their parents. What a noble way of celebrating this festivity! Why do not the nobles of the land set the middle classes similar examples of real greatness? then, instead of being emulous, as they now are, of imitating them in ostentation and pomp, they would follow them in the paths of beneficence and humility. So imitative is human nature generally, and more particularly so the natives of England, that were the duties which religion prescribes properly attended to by the leaders of fashion, they would be as sedulously adopted by the inferior classes, and from being at first only fashionably religious, many in the end would become really so.

About the year 1789, Miss Moore's sisters retired from their public capacity as governesses, to enjoy liberty and repose; wisely contented

with a sufficiency, they did not pursue their occupation until they were incapable of enjoying the fruits of their industry. Before their retirement, these ladies, and Miss H. Moore, built for themselves a house in Bath; and between this residence and Cowslip Green, they agreed, in future, to divide their time.

For some years Hannah Moore had been desirous of devoting herself, in her retirement, to meditation and literary leisure; but she could not rest without being useful. During the first summer of the sisters being together at Cowslip Green, they took occasional excursions for some miles round; and finding the poor in a state of deplorable ignorance and depravity, particularly at Cheddar, they resolved there to establish a school for their instruction. Many of the rich farmers in the place strongly opposed their plan; attributing to the introduction of religion formerly by the monks of Glastonbury, the want of prosperity evident in the village. They had also much trouble in procuring proper people to superintend their little establishment; but their industry in qualifying persons who were willing to accept of these situations soon removed this obstacle.

It was requisite to gain the approval of the wealthier part of the neighbourhood, to enable the sisters to put their laudable intentions into

execution ; and this was at last effected, although with much difficulty. Another house was taken for seven years for the same purpose near Bridgewater, with nearly an acre of ground attached to it, and it was speedily prepared to receive pupils.

There was no resident minister in this vicinity ; and the inhabitants, when questioned on the subject, said they knew that they had a right to one, but that they never enforced this claim, for fear of having their tithes increased in consequence. Their curate came once on the Sunday to perform service, but of course the sick were never visited, nor their poor relieved through his means, as he lived twelve miles distant. All this shows the wretched state of the people, and the arduous undertaking of the Misses Moore, in endeavouring to promote their improvement.

They opened their school with one hundred and seventy, adults and children together. The principal people from the adjoining parishes came to witness their first meeting. A Sunday school was a novelty indeed, in a place so noted for wickedness as to be considered a kind of Botany Bay.

Several that were pupils had been tried at the assizes, notwithstanding their youth ; and many were known to be thieves. When the clergyman, who was a magistrate, saw those little vagrants

kneeling to pray, who had frequently been before him to receive sentence of punishment for depredations, he was so affected that he could not refrain from tears.

In 1790, Miss Moore published another excellent book, entitled "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." She expatiated in this work, in a very free manner, on the prevailing corruptions—on the decay of domestic piety—and particularly on the absence of religion from the education of the higher classes. She shewed plainly the fatal results of this grievous sin; how much the inferior classes were infected by it; how they followed the example of those above them; and the fatal consequences that ensued when evil was presented to them instead of godliness. She represented the spirit of worldliness, which was manifested frequently by amiable and benevolent people—professors of religion—who did not think such conduct incompatible with real piety. The subject was well chosen, and most ably treated, and merited the success which it met with; for in two years it had reached a fifth edition.

The Bishops of London and Llandaff, the Rev. J. Newton, and indeed all Mrs. Moore's numerous circle of friends, presented their congratulations on the success of this production, accompanied

with the highest praise both of style and sentiments.

During the summer of 1791, the sisters resided altogether at Cowslip Green, and, in consequence of the success of their school at Cheddar, resolved to set up others in the neighbourhood. Two mining villages, at the top of Mendrop, attracted their attention as a suitable place; for there the people were so ignorant, that they suspected Mrs. Moore and her sisters, when they made known their intentions, of a design to entrap their children, and to sell them as slaves. But, encouraged by their success at Cheddar, and observing that the Almighty had evidently blessed their efforts, they were induced to persevere.

Their first step, upon entering each parish, was to obtain from the incumbent of the living his acquiescence to their project, which was usually granted with much pleasure. In this place there were ten parishes adjoining, in which there was no resident clergyman, and the people were all in a state of utter destitution as regarded spiritual things. These amiable women soon procured for them the same advantages of school instruction as the poor enjoyed at Cheddar.

The farmers, and the wealthier part of the population, were the more disposed to assist them when they found that their money was safe, and that no subscriptions were in requisition. The

account of the situation in which they found Cheddar, will convey an idea of the state of all the other villages where they established schools. There was but one Bible in the parish; and no clergyman had resided there for above forty years; one came on a Sunday to perform one service, but no weekly duty was done, consequently the burials, particularly of children, were often performed without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was a good congregation.

After the Misses Moore had obtained the necessary information respecting the characters, number, and employment of the people, and when the school-room was ready for their reception, they appointed a day to meet them, of which public notice was given in the church. A great many refused to let their children come, fearful that if they should attend for seven years, the ladies might acquire a right over them, and send them to be sold in foreign countries; others required to be paid for letting them come, thinking that they were conferring a benefit, instead of receiving one. A mistress was engaged, with a suitable salary, to preside over the school; and teachers provided. A weekly school was also established at Cheddar, for thirty girls to be instructed in reading, sewing, knitting, and spinning.

The mistress and principal teacher visited the houses of the parents when they were sick, chiefly for the purpose of spiritually benefiting them; but, to gain their confidence, they were furnished with a little medicine and money, which, after administering judiciously, they were generally allowed to read and pray to them—in short, to supply the place of the parish priest.

It was soon visible that much benefit had been derived by the poor; the scholars increased in number, and the lives of many were altered for the better. It was then thought proper to have a sermon read on Sunday evenings after school, to which a few of the parents and grown-up children were invited.

Bibles and prayer books, and other good books, were then distributed as rewards for the diligent and well-behaved. To alleviate their temporal distresses, which often required relief, a club was formed, to which the poor women contributed three half-pence per week; and when Mrs. Moore saw the inability of some to pay even this trifle, it was done secretly for them, as they found it cheaper and more beneficial to contribute in that manner, than to give in any other way. From this club (like those which are usually established for men) these poor women received relief when ill, or during confinements, or when the distresses of their families required assist-

ance. At these clubs, an anniversary tea-meeting took place among the women, to which the better sort of people were invited; when the state of affairs was made public, and the journal read. If they had conducted themselves improperly, they were reprov'd; if with propriety, they were encouraged to persevere in well-doing.

The Misses Moore succeeded in establishing many schools around their neighbourhood, the most distant of which was fifteen miles from their residence. When they inspected those schools which were the most remote, they were obliged to sleep at inns in the vicinity; but so ardent were these amiable women in the pursuit of good, that personal inconvenience was no preventive. Hundreds of children were thus trained up with a knowledge of their duty, who might, but for the kind aid of the sisters, have perhaps perished on a scaffold, or have passed through life in the practice of every disgusting vice.

In one school, consisting of 108 children, there was not a boy or girl that could tell who made them. This appears almost incredible as occurring in England; but it is a fact, and proves the lamentable state of ignorance that prevailed in remote and secluded parts, before the introduction of Sunday schools.

In the schools, the plan of an anniversary dinner was adopted, at which the children were

regaled with beef and plum-pudding. Tents were pitched for the purpose, and they all went to the place appointed in waggons. Each parish sat together; and after the feast they sang psalms, and "God save the King." Then innocent recreation was allowed; and it is almost needless to add, that this day was always anticipated by these poor children with the utmost delight. Curiosity caused a great attendance of grown persons to witness the scene, among whom the clergy of the neighbourhood were generally included.

But all this benevolence could not be carried on by the Misses Moore without the aid of pecuniary assistance; this they obtained without difficulty from their friends, the greater part of whom were not only affluent, but really disposed to assist them in their praiseworthy pursuits.

A few years had elapsed after these undertakings, and they were prospering more than could have been reasonably expected, when, in 1792, revolutionary principles seemed to be spreading very much among the lower classes, and inflammatory publications were much in circulation to encourage this spirit of rebellion. Many persons of eminence requested Hannah Moore to write some tract that might serve as a counteraction to these pernicious writings. At first she declined doing so, thinking that all she

could say on the subject would be useless. Urged continually on the point, she at last composed the little work called "Village Politics, by William Chip," which was sent privately for Rivington to publish, that the world might not suspect who wrote it. In a few days after, every post from London brought her a present of this tract, entreating her to disseminate it, as the best antidote against the poisonous principles that prevailed. It flew with rapidity through the kingdom, and thousands were sent by government to Scotland and Ireland. At last her secret was betrayed, and innumerable were the thanks and congratulations which she received. Many persons affirmed, that, under Providence, it had essentially contributed to quiet and disperse the rising tumult, by plainly shewing how appetite, selfishness, and animal force often deceive us, by assuming the semblance of liberty, equality, and imprescriptible right.

Mrs. Moore began to find that as the poor were enabled to read, by means of her school, they often perused those corrupt works which were dispersed by the rebellious in great quantities, and which were often dropped into cottages, public roads, and even into coal pits. To prevent the bad effects of this practice, she wished to turn the current of their reading, and to provide them with what might both amuse and

instruct. For this purpose she published three tracts each month, consisting of stories, ballads, &c., written in a very lively manner. Her success far surpassed her expectations; they quickly put to flight the wicked trash whose poison she dreaded, and were not only well received by the poorer classes, but soon found their way into the drawing-rooms of the wealthy; for no less a number than two millions were sold the first year. Many of these tracts were not of Mrs. Moore's writing, although they were all submitted to her inspection before they were published: her sisters wrote some, and many kind friends gave their assistance, as it was impossible, from the number required, for Mrs. Moore to write them all. A missionary at Madras, communicating with his friends, states how much Mrs. Moore's works were admired in that part of the world, particularly by the Rajah of Tanjore; he adds, that he has often taken his sermons from her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World," and that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be introduced to the authoress of it.

Mrs. Moore was very intimate with that excellent man, Bishop Porteus, and continued to pass a portion of her time at his residence during her annual visit to London. But she now began to contract the term of her stay in the metropolis,

and seldom allowed it to extend beyond two months ; for as she increased in years, she increased also in piety ; and to benefit others, and to attend to her own soul, were now her greatest pleasures.

About this time " *Strictures on Female Education*" issued from Mrs. Moore's pen. Like her other productions, it was excellent and universally admired. The Bishop of London mentioned it in recommendatory terms to his congregation from the pulpit at St. James's. It was purchased and much admired by the Princesses, and sent to the Princess Royal, who had married the Duke of Wirtemberg, in the expectation that it would be serviceable to her in the education of her daughters-in-law.

The schools under Mrs. Moore's superintendence continued to flourish ; and, at the request of the curate, another was established at Blagden, the village in which Cowslip Green was situated. Yet this lady was doomed for some time to suffer a most cruel and unjust persecution from a clergyman, aided by others, who accused her of disaffection to the church. This accusation caused much trouble and vexation to Mrs. Moore, but it ended at last in the disgrace of the aspersers.

Cowslip Green, although a very pretty residence, was in many respects inconvenient ; and

a piece of land being offered to Mrs. Moore, about a mile distant, in a charming picturesque situation, she purchased it, and built a very comfortable mansion. The ground afforded scope for the taste of the sisterhood, and was formed into delightful plantations, arranged with admirable skill and contrivance. The ladies soon became so much attached to this rural retreat, called Barley Wood, that they parted with their house at Bath, and made it their constant place of abode.

It was suggested to Mrs. Moore, that a pamphlet of her writing, relative to the education of a certain Royal Princess of England, would be acceptable. Too humble to expect the benefit which her friends anticipated from such an Essay, yet her desire of obliging, added to the urgent entreaties of a high dignitary of the church, induced her compliance, and shortly after she produced "Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess." It was dedicated to the Bishop of Exeter, who had been recently appointed preceptor to the Princess; it met his Lordship's approval, and copies were sent by him to the King and Queen, who both expressed their admiration of the work. Mrs. Moore did not wish to be known as the authoress, but it was very soon discovered.

In the year 1809, just after Mrs. Moore's recovery from a severe illness, she had the mis-

fortune to lose her revered friend, Bishop Porteus: his was to her an irreparable loss, so congenial were their sentiments. He left Mrs. M. a hundred pounds, and she consecrated to his memory an urn, erected in her plantations, with a suitable inscription. During his last illness, which was very gradual in its progress, he requested an audience of the Prince of Wales, because he had been informed that his Royal Highness intended becoming the patron of a club which was to meet on a Sunday. Supported by two servants, he entered the Prince's apartment, and anxiously and earnestly entreated him to fix on some other day for this meeting. The Prince received him with great kindness, seemed much affected, and told him that if the day could be changed, it should; but added, in extenuation, that it was a charitable institution. It had always been the prayer of this pious Bishop to be spared the pangs of death, if it pleased God. His request was granted. He continued to get weaker and weaker, and during the last few days he was carried down stairs, as he was too feeble to walk. On the Saturday, after dinner, he was seized with a convulsion fit, from which he recovered, and fell asleep for three hours; he then slowly opened his eyes for a few minutes, and closed them again in death. This Bishop was a most eminent Christian, of a noble mind. He was

in his seventy-eighth year when he died ; and his life had been a pattern of that consistency of conduct with his avowed principles, which ought particularly to be evidenced in the clergy.

In 1809 Mrs. Moore published a work of a different nature from her usual productions ; and to ascertain public opinion, without that prepossession which would have attended it, had her name been affixed, it was not stated by whom it was written ; the title was “Cœlebs in search of a Wife.” It no sooner appeared than it excited universal attention ; and in nine months after its first publication, the eleventh edition was in the press. Mrs. M. was much amused by the various letters which she received, recommending it to her perusal, and pointing out the beauty of several of its passages.

In America “Cœlebs” was received with equal favour ; it passed rapidly through four editions, and before the death of Mrs. Moore thirty editions of 1000 copies each had been printed. Mrs. Moore cleared by this work, within the first year of its publication, no less a sum than £2000.

About ten years after the appearance of Cœlebs, “Practical Piety,” in two volumes, was produced ; and as Mrs. Moore announced it as her own composition, it sold at a rapid rate, and speedily reached the tenth edition. Shortly after “Christian Morals” followed, and was received with all

the attention and patronage which the public evinced to the labours of Mrs. Moore.

A serious domestic affliction very speedily succeeded the publication of "Christian Morals;" this was the death of Mrs. Mary Moore, the eldest of the sisters, who, after a life of usefulness and benevolence, died with the placidity and hopes of a Christian. The health of Mrs. Moore had of late years been frequently affected with bilious and other complaints, and this bereavement tended to increase her infirmities; for although the surviving sisters felt assured that their loss was the gain of the departed, yet the breaking of the bond which had united them for fifty years could not fail of being a grievous event.

Two years elapsed after this bereavement, passed by Mrs. Moore in her usual occupations, when she completed and published "her Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul," which was received by the public with the same avidity as her other performances.

A branch Bible Society was established in the parish of Barley Wood; and on the anniversary, when the subscribers met, the house of Mrs. Moore was the place of rendezvous; and frequently more than a hundred persons assembled there, and were hospitably entertained by the sisters. The meeting was usually held in a large

waggon yard, as there was not room at the inn at Wrington; and it was at the conclusion of the business that the superior people repaired to Barley Wood.

Fifty or sixty more were usually invited to come to tea, and as the house could not possibly contain them, they took refreshment under the trees, in the pleasure ground and garden, so that it was quite a rural festivity. The sisters thought that this gala day might connect, in the minds of the young, religious societies and innocent mirth, and serve also, by keeping up the number of subscribers, to benefit the institution.

The health of the sisters began now to feel the inroads of sickness and old age. Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, the eldest living, was paralytic; and after being confined to her bed for some time with a bad leg, she became speechless, in which condition she continued for a fortnight, and then expired. The sisterhood was now reduced to three, of which Mrs. Hannah was decidedly the least impaired. Although turned seventy, she still retained all the vigour of her mind, and wrote and conversed with the same superiority of style and manner as in past years.

About twelve months after the loss of her sister, in 1817, Mrs. Moore was again solicited, from various quarters, to write some tracts for the purpose of quelling the spirit of insubordina-

tion which was manifest among the poor, in consequence of the stagnation of trade. The peace which had taken place had not been followed by its usual attendant, plenty, and much dissatisfaction had arisen among the lower classes. Ever ready to do good, Mrs. Moore speedily produced several appropriate tracts and ballads, written in a playful and pleasant style; they were speedily circulated throughout every part of the country with much success, and she continued to furnish a constant supply as long as the state of affairs required her aid.

The eldest of the three sisters, Mrs. Sarah Moore, expired in the spring of 1817. Her illness was long, and her sufferings acute; but she endured them with Christian fortitude, and died very happily.

Mrs. Moore had the pleasure of hearing that her works were translated both into the Russian and Persian languages; and two noblemen from the latter country personally assured her of the good they were effecting in Persia: soon after, a letter from a noble Russian lady bore testimony of the same blessing being bestowed upon her labours in Russia.

Mrs. Moore was very subject to bilious fevers, and was attacked with a very severe one at the same time that the health of her only remaining sister began rapidly to decline. Mrs. Moore was,

however, restored to health, and availed herself of the leisure which the absence of company on account of her sister's indisposition afforded her, to produce another book, which was entitled "Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic; with Reflections on Prayer." The same testimony of public approval was given on the appearance of this work, as on former occasions; the whole of the first edition was sold the first day that it came out; and it appears that it realized, on perusal, the expectations which its announcement created.

About a month after the appearance of this work, Mrs. Moore was called upon to endure a very severe stroke in the death of her only surviving sister, who expired after a short illness of four days. Mrs. Martha Moore had been her sister's principal assistant in the schools, clubs, and all other charitable undertakings. To have her thus suddenly snatched away, and to be left alone, the last of the five, was indeed a dispensation of a most afflicting nature to the sensitive feelings of the survivor; yet she did not allow herself to indulge in despondency, but, with that excellent sense of propriety which always attended her, devoted herself with unremitting zeal to preparations for her own departure.

Mrs. Hannah Moore suffered much from ill-health throughout her life. After the death of

her last sister, she had two severe attacks, from which she recovered, contrary to the expectations of those around her. The last of them confined her to her bed for thirteen weeks, during which time her sufferings were very great. The patience, resignation, and even cheerfulness, with which she supported her illness, was a constant subject of admiration to her friends and attendants; and when it pleased the Almighty to restore her, although submissive to his will, she could not refrain from saying, that she would rather that it had pleased Him to have summoned her to a better world, than to have restored her again to this.

She had the satisfaction of seeing her schools flourish, and of knowing that they had been the means, under God, of forming many useful and pious people; and she was often receiving communications of the benefits derived from her tracts. At Blagden there was a man of the most profligate character, who drove one of the stage coaches. Beginning to sink under the effects of dram-drinking, one of Mrs. M.'s assistants called upon him, and left a few tracts. As he was too ill to attend to his business, he took up a tract called "Sorrowful Sam," thinking merely to amuse himself a little by its perusal; but he was so struck with its contents that it brought him to serious reflection, and the consequence was that

he became a converted man. His illness was long and painful ; but he endured it patiently, and quite convinced those around him of the real change that had taken place in his sentiments. Before his death he desired that a copy of that tract might be given to each of his children, and he solemnly charged them to read it over once a month. His widow was led, by these circumstances, to alter her opinions, and became a very devout woman. Thus this little tract was, most probably, the means of salvation to a whole family.

Mrs. Moore never approved of instructing the poor beyond reading and writing ; and as an example of the effects of learning on the lower classes, she used to mention the Athenians, whose poor possessed more knowledge than individuals in the same station in other nations, and were also equally conspicuous for their profligacy and unmanageableness. A little girl, who attended a weekly school, calculated by the terms for the poor, was asked if she could say her catechism ; to which she replied, " No ; madam, I am learning syntax." Another, at a little distance off, in another parish, on being questioned respecting her acquirements, replied, " I *learns jorgraphy*, and the *harts* and *senses*." Such instances as these occurring within the sphere of Mrs. Moore's observation, could not fail to strengthen her dislike

of general instruction to the lower classes ; and many examples might be produced, and much said, to prove that her opinion on this subject was correct.

Time passed on with Mrs. Moore in its usual manner : age did not diminish her cheerfulness, or prevent her from seeing a great deal of company. She indeed regretted that she had not more leisure for solitude ; but yet her good-nature would not allow her to refuse receiving those who sought her society.

Mrs. M. was always exceedingly beneficent, so much so as to deprive her sometimes entirely of prudence ; and, since the death of her sisters, her servants had taken the most dishonest advantage of her neglect of domestic affairs, and of that easiness of temper which led her to submit to their injustice, although aware of its existence. She was at last roused to remedy the evil, from the discovery that she had considerably exceeded her income during the few last years. Honesty would not permit her to continue such a course ; and she thought of selling the reversion of Barley Wood to increase her property, that she might be enabled to meet these extra expences. But when her friends, whom she consulted on the occasion, looked into her concerns, such scandalous conduct was proved to have been pursued by the servants of her establishment, many of

whom had been with her for years, that it was found absolutely expedient to dismiss them all, to free Mrs. Moore from the imputation of encouraging vice by having such people in her service, as well as to secure her from the danger to which she was subject from their relative positions.

After consultation and reflection, Mrs. Moore determined to sell her little estate, and to remove to Clifton; and as soon as Barley Wood was disposed of, she put this intention into execution.

It must naturally be supposed that she could not leave a place so endeared to her by the remembrance of past scenes, without bitter feelings; yet the consciousness of the propriety of the measure, and the placidity of her temper, restrained their expression. On the day of her removal she was attended by several of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who came to accompany her to her new abode, and to dissipate, as much as possible, by their kind assiduities, its attendant disagreeables. Mrs. Moore descended the stairs with a serene countenance, went into a parlour adorned with the portraits of dear and departed friends, and viewed silently for a few minutes those lineaments which recalled to memory many past years of happiness. As she was preparing to enter the carriage, she gave one last sad look at her shrubs and flowers; and,

viewing with sorrowful eyes those beauties which her taste had directed, she exclaimed, as she entered the carriage, "I am driven like Eve out of paradise—but not, like Eve, by angels."

Mrs. Moore had a friend who resided with her as a companion, and of whose kind attentions she always spoke in the highest terms ; this lady continued to live with her until her death, which did not take place until five years and a half after her removal.

But although Mrs. Moore survived so long a time after she left Barley Wood, her health began soon after to fail. She had always been subject to inflammation of the chest, and she was now constantly suffering from slight attacks, although of a far less severe nature than those to which she had been accustomed. Other little complaints, to which old age is subject, also affected her, so that she was scarcely ever well but for a very few days together.

About ten months before her death her faculties began to decline very fast, although the brilliancy of her talents had been gradually diminishing long before. Her cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her, and at no period did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, not even when suffering acute pain. A continual fever seemed to waste her strength ; her memory forsook her ; and her in-

tellectual powers gave way to a degree of bewilderment, from which she was only occasionally exempt. About a fortnight before her death her appetite suddenly failed, and she scarcely seemed to recognize those about her. These symptoms of a speedy departure increased until the 7th of September, when, without speaking, or any painful or convulsive affection, she calmly and quietly ceased to breathe.

Mrs. Moore was in her eighty-ninth year when she died, and must be acknowledged as one of the most illustrious of English women. To splendid talents were united excellent sense, and a piety which showed its genuine nature in the universal beneficence which characterized her useful life. Prayer was the last thing that lived in her; and it is remarkable, that when her memory failed her in all other respects, she could remember, and frequently repeated, Psalms and other portions of Scripture. The evening before her departure she smiled, and endeavoured to raise herself from her pillow a little, stretching out her hands as if catching at something; while making this effort, she uttered the word "Patty," (the name of her youngest and dearest sister), and exclaimed also, very plainly, "Joy."

She expressed her firm reliance on the merits of her Saviour, utterly disclaiming any other dependence for salvation. She urged all around

her to walk in the paths of religion, as the only way of attaining peace at the last ; and seemed to interest herself for their welfare as long as consciousness remained.

LINES

ON MRS. HANNAH MOORE.

Gifted with talents of a first-rate kind,
Their aid was bent to furnish well her mind;
Good sense directed what their aim should be,
And how successful, by her works we see.
Grateful for gifts which come from God alone,
She to his will tried to conform her own:
The powers He gave were turned to his use,
Among the poor, his spirit to diffuse.
Children were taught by her to tread the way
Which leads to realms of everlasting day.
Her schools led thousands to their Saviour's throne,
Who, but for her, his name had scarcely known.
Can ought more glorious be performed below,
Than to the child the paths of peace to show?
To shield the infant from the stings of death,
And teach him how in prayer to use his breath?
Ah! no, illustrious woman, to the skies
Their infant voices will through time arise;
And when their happy spirits fly to heaven,
To thee, and them, shall genuine joy be given.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

“ Let such young women as are disposed to be vain of their comparatively petty attainments, look up to those contemporary shining examples, the venerable Elizabeth Carter and the blooming Elizabeth Smith. I knew them both; and to know was to venerate them. In them let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning, chastened by true Christian humility. In them let them venerate acquirements which would have been distinguished at a university, meekly softened and beautifully shaded by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment.”

MOORE.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH was born in 1776, at Burnham, near Durham, the beautiful residence of her paternal ancestors. At a very early age she displayed a great love of reading, and a steady application, unusual in childhood. All her undertakings were correctly performed; and the reflection which accompanied her pursuits, joined to her unwearied perseverance and brilliant

talents, enabled her to acquire such a fund of knowledge as appears almost miraculous, considering the short span of existence allotted her.

When only thirteen, Miss Smith had made considerable progress in French, Italian, music, drawing, and botany, combined with an extensive knowledge of history and geography, both ancient and modern. To these acquirements, as opportunities offered, she afterwards added German, Latin, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persic. There is every reason to believe that she was first induced to study the learned languages, by hearing that Mrs. Bowdler had acquired the Greek and Hebrew for the sole purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures in the original. This lady was very intimate with Mrs. Smith, and it is thought that from her Elizabeth imbibed that love for study which afterwards so eminently characterized her.

The example of Mrs. B. was no doubt influential in causing Miss Smith to attend seriously to religious duties; and that it pleased the Almighty to bless her in the pursuit, by a bestowment of a rich portion of his grace, was evidently proved by the Christian virtues displayed in her life, and the heavenly composure with which she received the awful summons of death.

It must be observed here, of what inestimable value to Miss S. was the acquaintance of Mrs.

Bowdler? It led her to the acquirement of what procured her everlasting peace, and made her happy here and hereafter.

Be cautious, my young readers, I entreat you, in the choice of associates. Not only avoid the wicked, but mingle as little as possible with the thoughtless and frivolous; never make of them intimate friends. For, even if you have sufficient discernment to view their characters in a proper point of view, a constant communication with such persons may mislead you in the estimation of yourself. You will be apt to imagine that you possess a greater share of amiability than is really the case; because you will be making comparisons, unmindful of the low standard of perfection over which you claim superiority. Then, again, if your minds should not be strong enough to resist the force of example, the society of the frivolous is still more dangerous. It will lead you to adopt their absurdities, cause you to waste your time, unnerve your mind, and indispose it for serious pursuits, deprave your taste, and produce incalculable evils. In the acquaintance of the good (and none can be so termed who are not religious, because religion is the only purifier of our nature) advantages are constantly arising. We see them acting in a manner that excites our admiration; we desire to imitate them: perhaps we may never reach their height of excellence, but

we exert ourselves to the utmost, and obtain a station which we never should have obtained had it not been for the benefit of their example.

But to return to our account of Miss Smith. Notwithstanding the time necessarily occupied in the acquirement of such extensive learning, this young lady found leisure for domestic employments, when a reverse of fortune rendered such occupations expedient. At the completion of Miss S.'s seventeenth year, some very unforeseen circumstances occurred, which deprived her father of his estate; and he and his family, consisting of a wife and four children, were suddenly deprived of the comforts of affluence, and plunged into comparative poverty.

This event caused the superiority of Elizabeth's character to shine forth in resplendent beauty. No murmur escaped her lips—no repinings after lost comforts aggravated her present deprivations: on the contrary, she sought to reconcile her parents to the sad change, and lost no opportunity of pointing out every blessing that remained.

Mr. Smith, after his reverses, embraced the military profession, and for some years his family were subject to all the disagreeables of a residence in barracks, increased by frequent change of quarters. On their arrival in Ireland, to join the regiment for the first time, a most dismal change indeed awaited them. The whole furni-

ture of their sitting-room consisted of half a cart-wheel instead of a fender, a bit of iron to serve for a poker, a dirty deal table, and four wooden chairs. Mrs. Smith was much depressed: the sad sight of the miserable contrast which this apartment presented, to those which she had been accustomed to occupy, weighed heavily on her spirits. Lost in thought, she stood by the fire, meditating, when Elizabeth, who doubtless guessed what was passing in her mother's mind, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, dear mother, what a convenience! here is a little cupboard." Mrs. S. smiled faintly, while her beloved daughter continued to expatiate upon the advantages which would be derived from her discovery, using every endeavour to turn the channel of Mrs. Smith's thoughts to future visionary prospects. A few days after, some of the family expressed a desire for a currant tart; but as they did not possess the necessary articles used in making pastry, it was considered unattainable. Elizabeth would not admit of this; she applied articles in their possession as substitutes for those that were wanting, and succeeded in making an excellent pie. Then the manner in which all this was done was so admirable. Her jocular remarks at the contrivances to which she was obliged to have recourse, and her pleasantry and satisfaction at the success of her inventions, could not fail of producing in those

around her a greater degree of contentment than they would otherwise have experienced. Although born and educated a lady, she did not think it any degradation to prepare the food, or assist in any other menial occupation. Too superior for paltry pride, her exalted mind was guarded by religion, the surest defence against such contemptible feelings.

Miss Elizabeth Smith assiduously studied and followed the precepts of the Holy Scriptures, of which she gave evident proof; for nothing but the exalted piety which she possessed could have enabled her, in the bloom of youth, to relinquish, unrepiningly, the charms of wealth, and to declare her perfect resignation in all things to the will of God. She made a gown or cap with as much skill as she displayed in solving a problem of Euclid; and nothing that she thought it right to do was ever neglected. No young lady ever dressed with more elegant simplicity, yet none could do it at less expence. Finery she avoided, yet she did not affect that extreme plainness of style which many people adopt, and which is often as much studied as the most fashionable costume. Miss Smith was as correct in this respect as in the rest of her conduct. It was evident that what she wore was to her very immaterial, provided it was consistent with her station in life, and accorded with that neatness which she considered indispensable. Excess in dress is now very pre-

valent—the greater number of the population of our metropolis fall into this error; and to prove that it is a fault to which the simple and ignorant are peculiarly liable, it may be ascertained by observation that none are more prone to this failing than servants and illiterate people. Let my young readers remember, that it is always in their power to distinguish themselves by that superiority of manners which usually accompanies a cultivated mind; and that their demeanour and conversation will much more decidedly evince their characters, than the trimmings or materials of their clothing. Let the rich wear expensive apparel—it is suitable for them, and is beneficial to the community, as it encourages commerce; but let not the form and fashion of it engage the greater part of their time, and be to them of primary importance. I have seen old ladies devoting hours to consultations upon points of dress, which might have been suitably decided in almost as many minutes. This appears at first laughable, because we expect wisdom to be the companion of age; and when we see in its stead vanity and folly, we lose the respect which it would otherwise command, and it becomes ludicrous. But reflection will check the smile, and substitute in its place a tear. Alas! if such trifles fill the mind of those who are so soon to be clothed in a shroud, must we not fear that they are neglecting to seek for

that robe of righteousness promised in the gospel, and which is alone worthy of our anxiety?

But let us turn from so lamentable a contemplation, and return to the dear subject of these memoirs. Miss Smith was interesting in person; her countenance was sweetly expressive, and indicative of her fine mind. Her eyes had a peculiar character; and, when in a contemplative mood, they plainly told of the deep sentiment in which she was wrapt.

In October, 1800, Mrs. Smith and her family left Ireland for the purpose of settling in their native country, in the hope that with strict economy they might be enabled to live comfortably, without being subject to constant change of residence. Living in barracks, with four children, had subjected them to continual disagreeables, so that on their settling at Coniston they experienced much satisfaction at possessing a home which they might endeavour to render agreeable and convenient, without the fear of being compelled to leave it.

Elizabeth was now very happy. The country had many charms for her: she took great delight in exploring the beautiful scenes of nature, and passed much time in the cultivation of flowers and the study of botany. Her principal pleasures consisted in the enjoyments of friendship, rural life, and literature. But, as if conscious that her state of probation was approaching its termination,

she sought and obtained, as her chief good, the knowledge and approbation of the Almighty. The Holy Scriptures became her principal study, and every thing else was rendered subservient to them. Time thus occupied swiftly passed away, whilst the talents and virtues of Elizabeth were continually improving. Her constitution appeared excellent, and no symptoms of debility were evinced : she would walk considerable distances, induced, from her admiration of the sublime and beautiful, to examine all the scenery around her residence.

One lovely evening, after walking about two miles, she seated herself upon a stone by the side of a lake, and, deeply interested in a book which she was reading, she was unobservant of the hour, and was aroused only by a sudden chill which seemed to affect her whole frame, particularly her chest. On rising she saw that the sun had set, and that a heavy dew had descended. Hastening homewards, she felt (to use her own expression) as if a knife was every now and then cutting her chest. Unwilling to alarm her family, she did not express her feelings of indisposition, hoping that a night's repose would remove them. This expectation was not fulfilled. The next morning was as beautiful as the preceding evening, but Elizabeth's painful sensations were not removed. It was exceedingly hot—the sun was shining brilliantly—and every one had left the

house to repair to the hay field, either to participate in the occupation, or to enjoy as spectators the rural scene. Elizabeth took an active part in the business, vainly imagining that exercise would afford her relief; but she was again disappointed, and at last was obliged to confess herself unwell, as it became too evident for concealment.

From this time a cough, attended with other consumptive symptoms, betrayed the approaches of rapid decline. All medical assistance was vain—the disorder increased, and, as is often the case when little or no hope remains, her physician recommended change of air. In compliance with his advice, Elizabeth, with her mother and sister, went to Bath, where they had a kind friend, who exerted her utmost endeavours to promote the comfort of the invalid, and who most cordially received them as her guests.

Mrs. Smith and her daughter amply experienced the blessing of true friendship. They had many friends, who now lavished on them the most gratifying attentions; but, alas! of what avail were they, except to point out the insufficiency of earthly power. These kind and feeling hearts could not, with all their money and influence, console the distressed mother, or detain the pure spirit of the daughter from winging its flight to Heaven.

After remaining some time at Bath, without any improvement in the health of Miss Smith, it

was deemed expedient to return home to Coniston. Indeed, symptoms of the rapid progress of the disease were so evident, during their visit, that all hope of recovery was extinguished. Elizabeth was perfectly conscious of the awful change which awaited her; but as her whole life had been a preparation for eternity, she looked forward with heavenly composure to her dissolution. She did not converse much on the subject, because she saw the pain that it inflicted on her surrounding relatives; but what she did say tended to reconcile them to her departure, from the conviction which her discourse conveyed, that their loss would be her eternal gain. She did not appear to think that her death was so near as was really the case; yet to those who attended her it was sufficiently apparent. The night before her departure she suffered much. Cold perspirations bedewed her face, and her breathing was attended with great pain and difficulty. Restless, and uneasy, she could not sleep: her immortal spirit was about to depart from its earthly tenement, and the separation of the mystical union of soul and body was preceded by that state of commotion which is often the forerunner of death.

But the disquietude which Elizabeth experienced, was not that of fear. Oh, no! she looked up in her mother's face, and smiled energetically; then, taking the hand of her distressed parent,

she raised it to her lips, and thanked her for all her kind attentions. She could not remain in bed ; she wished to rise, and be dressed. Her situation resembled that of a person on the eve of a long and desired journey—she seemed as if expecting momentarily her summons. At six o'clock, at her desire, they began to put on her clothes ; but the fatigue was too great. A faithful servant, who had lived with her parents a long time, was assisting in dressing her, when a sudden change of countenance in the invalid gave an alarm, Turpin threw her arms around her ; when Elizabeth gently laid her hand on the faithful creature's shoulder, and after a slight struggle, during which she neither looked nor spoke, she expired.

Thus died Elizabeth Smith, at the early age of twenty-nine, to the great regret of all who had the pleasure and benefit of her acquaintance. But as it is evident that she was fit to depart, her early removal ought to be considered as proof of the goodness of our Almighty Father, who did not wish to prolong her state of probation beyond what was necessary.

This life is allowed to be a state of trial ; and the experience of all mankind will unite to prove its insufficiency for the happiness of an immortal spirit. Therefore we ought to rejoice at the emancipation of our friends, when we are sure that they are God's elect. How the selfish zel-

ings of humanity prevail, and would induce us to keep them here, when ready for the skies, we all know. But let us in this, as in all other cases, not presume to murmur at the decrees of Providence. Our finite understandings cannot comprehend the Almighty, how then can we judge of his government? Submission is our duty; and we ought to make it our earnest prayer, that God would keep us humble and submissive. Humility is the foundation of Christian virtue; and where that has taken deep root in the heart, other Christian graces will soon spring up, to the destruction of that pride and worldly selfishness which occupy the minds of the unregenerate.

My dear young friends, never forget the purpose for which you were born. It was not that you should flutter about in the enjoyment of the pleasures of this world, without bestowing a thought upon that which is to come. On the contrary, the next world is to be your continual abode; and your residence here is only for a short time, during which your conduct will determine for you what will be your fate hereafter. If you choose religion for your companion, you will do well; but if you desert her, nothing but misery awaits you. It is not incompatible with youth to be religious; there is no austerity required—merely self-denial in those things where our inclination and duty are at variance, and for which sacrifice

ample remuneration is bestowed, in the pleasure we feel in having done what is right.

I shall transcribe a few of Miss Smith's observations, found among her papers after her decease, which tend to enforce what I have just asserted, that there is no happiness without religion, and that religion is not incompatible with youth.

"Being now arrived at years of discretion, I look back on my past life with shame and confusion. What hours I have squandered, and what opportunities of improvement I have neglected! I will endeavour to make amends for past negligence, by employing every moment that I can command to some good purpose; but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to mould myself, as far as I am able, according to the gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and to rejoice when it is finished, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions, to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness; because I have found the inability of mental determinations. May God give me strength to keep them!"

What beautiful sentiments are here expressed, and how worthy of the imitation of all who peruse them!

Another extract which I shall make, is as follows:—

“No event which I thought unfortunate has ever happened to me, but I have been convinced, at some time or other, that it was not a misfortune, but a blessing. I can never then, in reason, complain of any thing that befalls me, because I am persuaded that it is permitted for some good purpose.”

“When we think of the various miseries of the world, it seems as if we ought to mourn continually for our fellow-creatures. But when we consider all these apparent evils as dispensations of Providence, tending to correct the corruptions of our nature, and to fit us for the enjoyment of eternal happiness; we can not only look with calmness on the misfortunes of others, but receive those appointed for ourselves with gratitude.”

“A happy day is worth enjoying; it exercises the soul for heaven. The heart that never tastes of pleasure, shut up, grows stiff, and is incapable of enjoyment. How then shall it enter the realms of bliss? A cold heart can receive no pleasure even there. Happiness is the support of virtue—they should always travel together, and they generally do so: when the heart expands to receive the latter, her companion enters of course. I believe it is impossible to be happy and wicked at the same time.”

“It is declared in the Scriptures, that ‘the natural man knoweth not the things of God, neither can he comprehend them;’ and I am convinced that this is true. God only requires the heart and affections; and, after these are devoted to him, He himself worketh all things within, and for it. ‘My son, give me thy heart;’ all the rest is conformity and obedience. This is the simple ground of all religion, which implies a re-union of the soul to a principle which it had lost in its corrupt and fallen state. Mankind have opposed this doctrine, because it has a direct tendency to lay very low the pride and elevation of the heart, and the perverseness of the will, and prescribes a severe mortification to the passions; it will be found, notwithstanding, in time or eternity, a most important truth.”

“Look into the opinions of men—contemplate their great diversity, their complete opposition to each other; and where shall the serious, reflecting mind find a peaceful station to rest upon? Not in human literature—not in the inventions of man, but in silence before the God of our lives, in pure devotion of the heart, and in prostration of the soul. The knee bends before the majesty of Omnipotence, and all the powers of the mind say, Amen.”

Do not these short extracts give evidence of the soundest judgment, combined with a fine imagi-

nation and sweet style of expression? Yes, my young friends, Elizabeth Smith possessed so many excellencies, that when we reflect upon them, we can scarcely think her to be a being of our own imperfect nature. Her talents few are likely to possess, so highly was she gifted; but her piety and virtue are attainable by all who seek for them, as she did, by humble and fervent prayer to God for his Holy Spirit, and by making the Scriptures the principal study and rule of their lives; yet never forgetting that, with every possible self-exertion, our only dependence is on the merits of that Saviour, who will turn to those who seek him, and who will save at the last day the souls who have earnestly endeavoured to follow his precepts.

May you, my young readers, be of this number. The season of your youth will soon pass away, and with it many of the pleasures which you most enjoy. In those which you anticipate, with coming years, a canker worm will be found of which you have now no idea. All here below is deceptive; things and persons are not what the lively fancy of youth imagines: the rich and great, who, no doubt, you think must be happy, are very often quite the reverse.

I do not wish to disgust you with this world, but merely to show you the right road to happiness. You must follow the path that religion

points out, and try to keep Contentment as your companion. Pleasure often assumes the semblance of the great good which we are all seeking, and passes herself off for Happiness. Take care how you trust her. Those pleasures alone are allowable, which meet the approval of reflection; and if you are in doubt respecting the propriety of any proceeding, refer to that guide which will never deceive you, the Bible, and see there whether the desired indulgence is in conformity or nonconformity with the duty of a Christian; act agreeably to your conviction.

I shall close this little sketch with a few lines which I have written on the subject of this Memoir.

LINES

ON MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.



Too great, too good, for such a world as this,
She early left it for the realms of bliss ;
There the fine powers of her soaring mind
In things divine can satisfaction find.
With kindred saints, she contemplates, above,
The wondrous mercies of redeeming love.
While here below, this maid might well compare
To an exotic in a northern air :
The soil too rough, the blast by far too rude,
It cannot shew the beauties that it would ;
Struggling for life, the stems alone are seen,
No flowers, no blossoms,—merely leaves of green.
But change the soil, and screen it from the wind,
All its inherent beauties soon you'll find.
Thus with the choicest of our fallen race,
Whose lives are often of the shortest space ;
On earth are seen the shoots of virtues giv'n,
Which, soon transplanted, blossom when in heav'n.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

MRS. ROWE was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1674. Her father, Mr. Singer, first went to this town to suffer imprisonment for non-conformity, during the reign of Charles II. Meeting there with a lady who took great interest in his case, in consequence of a similarity of sentiments, an acquaintance ensued, which terminated in a very happy marriage. Out of compliment to his wife, Mr. Singer fixed his residence at Ilchester ; but after her decease he removed to Frome, in the same county, devoting his time principally to the cultivation of his daughters' minds, and endeavouring, as much as possible, to supply the place of the affectionate mother whom they had lost.

Mrs. Singer was one of those very superior characters rarely met with, and which appear occasionally in the world to excite emulation in the wiser portion of mankind, and to shew them to what a degree of amiability human nature may attain. Mrs. Singer's death was indeed an irreparable loss to her children, of which their father was but too conscious ; for frequently did he dwell

upon the deprivation of the many advantages which Elizabeth and her sister would have enjoyed, had their mother's life been spared.

Having acquired from her parents devotional habits, which acting upon a susceptible temper and an enthusiastic disposition, Elizabeth became energetic in her religious principles, and in mature life their correctness was sufficiently evinced by the propriety of that conduct which they directed.

In early childhood she displayed a taste for music, painting, and poetry ; but in the latter art she particularly excelled, and had written some very pretty poems before she attained her twelfth year.

Klopstock, the Milton of Germany, who is entitled to rank among the first order of poets, greatly admired Miss Singer's writings, and regretted that the circumstances of time, birth, and country, precluded personal acquaintance. Mr. Singer remarked with pleasure the amiable qualities and fine talents of his daughter, as they gradually expanded into notice. He well knew the necessity of giving a proper turn to the feelings in early life, and he assiduously performed this duty. Although he spared no pains in the cultivation of her mind, he pointed out religion as the truly important study, and as the only means of attaining that pure happiness which alone can satisfy an immortal being.

Miss Singer published her first production when she was about twenty-two years of age. It was a book of poems, on various subjects, written in a very pleasing style. Her poetical talents occasioned her to be introduced to Lady Weymouth's family, who became her zealous friends and patrons, and with whom she continued on terms of intimacy through life.

The Hon. Mr. Thynne, Lord Weymouth's son, took great pleasure in assisting to improve Miss Singer; and from his instructions she rapidly acquired a knowledge of the French and Italian languages.

Bishop Kern at that time resided with the Weymouth family, and he also took much delight in communicating, by his advice and conversation, information to the amiable Elizabeth. It was in pursuance of his counsel, that she wrote her Paraphrase on the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, which is very excellently written, and procured her considerable reputation.

With such superior and talented people to honour her by their friendship and support, it necessarily followed that the ardent mind of Miss Singer acquired constantly additional desires for information. Gratified by the interest evinced in her favour, she sought to render herself deserving of it, and studied earnestly to become better as well as wiser. If young ladies generally were to follow her

example in this point, the advantages such a practice would produce are incalculable. Who does not love the good? Every body does: even the most depraved, silently and inwardly at least, do homage to them. Who are the happiest people in this world? Those who are the best. That person approximates nearest to the nature of his Maker, who deviates least from his commands; and though such a line of conduct may, and does require very strong and frequent exertions of self-denial, even from the purest and holiest, yet the pleasure derived by the conquest is so far superior to any that sinful indulgences can bestow, that no comparison can be admitted. The most certain method that I would recommend, to those of my young friends who may wish to improve their dispositions and purify their hearts, is to attend rigidly to the duty of self-examination. I think it a very excellent plan to reflect every night upon the events of the day; to let our conduct, during that short period, pass a review in reflection. Our faults have then been too recently committed to be forgotten, or to lose, by the lapse of time since their commission, any of their actual heinousness. A few minutes would suffice for the adoption of this rule, which might be fixed for either morning or evening; and I am confident, that from its regular and correct performance the most beneficial results would arise. But we must be care-

ful to divest ourselves, as much as possible, in the pursuance of this plan, from that self-love which so often induces us to judge so differently of offences when committed by ourselves, to what we do when our neighbour is the offender. For instance, pride in another person appears in its proper disgusting form ; in ourselves, it deceives us as self-respect. Avarice we abhor, but perhaps we cherish it in our own hearts, fancying it prudence. Detraction we despise ; yet we allow ourselves the pleasure of speaking ill of the absent, endeavouring to justify the indulgence of the evil inclination under the pretence that it is necessary, either to prevent our friend from being deceived, or our own characters from unjust aspersion. These are some of the many delusions to which we are prone, and from which we must endeavour to liberate our judgment. Their existence too plainly proves the truth of the doctrine of original sin ; for nothing but the corruption of our nature could cause such venomous springs of conduct to actuate us, when we, who are under their influence, are really ignorant of their agency. But in our endeavours to obtain improvement, we must not forget to implore the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, without which all our own efforts will be useless. Bishop Saunderson declares, that all study, without prayer, is atheism ; and certainly he is correct in this opinion. For how can we

give a greater proof of our infidelity of the Almighty's omnipotence, than by presuming to apply the powers of our minds to the solution of difficulties, without entreating the Great Giver of those faculties to be pleased to render them efficacious for the required purpose?

But to resume our subject. Mrs. Rowe had a sister rather younger than herself, to whom she was most tenderly attached, and who enthusiastically returned her affection. If Mrs. R. was absent, engaged in study, or in any other employment, her younger sister would come to her, reproaching her for her absence, and declaring that she could not endure a longer deprivation of her society.

While living together in this happy union, remarked by their acquaintances for their extraordinary affection, Elizabeth was taken suddenly ill. The disorder increased so rapidly that the physician became alarmed, and expressed his doubts of her recovery. Dreadful as this information must have been to the younger sister, all selfish feelings were absorbed in the dread that her beloved Elizabeth was not prepared for so awful a change. She immediately hastened to her room, and tenderly investigated the state of her mind on the subject. Elizabeth, alarmed at her discourse, earnestly asked if any danger was apprehended, and, in reply to her sister's interrogations, con-

fessed her dread, should death now await her, as she deemed herself unprepared to enter eternity. No sooner had she disclosed her sentiments, than her sister fell on her knees by the bedside, and in an agony of grief humbly and earnestly entreated of the Almighty to take her life instead of her sister's. She declared that she could joyfully acknowledge her assured hope of his everlasting mercy, through Christ, and that she should willingly submit to death if He would be pleased to accept of her, and allow Elizabeth to remain on earth, to render her calling and election sure. After this prayer she appeared more composed, kissed her sister with the utmost affection, and was unremitting in her attentions to her.

Mrs. Rowe recovered, to the great joy of her family; and for a time peace and happiness seemed restored to them. But transient and unstable was this tranquillity. The sacrifice of the younger sister had been accepted, and God did not long delay her removal to the bright mansions for which she had declared her fitness. Indisposition seized her, and with firm, though not ungentle grasp, quickly conveyed her to her Father's kingdom.

The distress of Mr. Singer and his remaining daughter may be conceived; but its alleviation could not fail to be the result of reflection, after the first poignancy of sorrow had subsided. They

felt convinced that the dear departed one was in heaven. Could they, then, be selfish enough to wish her back again? No; they knew that they were mourning for themselves—for the loss of her society, and of those enjoyments which it produced. These convictions calmed those feelings of nature, which bereavements of relatives and friends will arouse.

Elizabeth marvelled at the mercy of the Almighty, so wonderfully displayed towards her; and from that time she devoted herself much to the practice of piety, in order to obtain the blessed hope of a certain reunion with her sister, after the termination of her own earthly existence. Time, which soothes in a degree all our sorrows, restored to Elizabeth sufficient composure to resume those studies alone, which she had been accustomed to pursue in concert with her beloved sister. She had no taste for what is called pleasure; was ignorant of any game at cards, and avoided as much as possible formal visitings. Her delight was in intellectual enjoyments, in simple recreations, and social conversation.

In the year 1710, she married Mr. Thomas Rowe, son of the Rev. Benoni Rowe, a nonconformist minister. Mr. Rowe was thirteen years younger than his wife; and such a disparity, on the wrong side, might very well have predicted unhappiness as the result of their union. Such,

however, was not the case : they were congenial in their sentiments, virtues, and acquirements, and passed the short interval of five years together in the most perfect harmony and affection.

This concord was broken by the death of Mr. Rowe, who became the victim of consumption at the early age of 28. For the benefit of the air, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe removed to Hampstead early in the year 1715, in the hope that its salubrity might improve the health of Mr. R.; but intense study and sedentary habits, combined with a delicate constitution, had so fatally affected him, that all the remedies suggested by the affection of his wife and the skill of his physicians, proved ineffectual. He expired in May, after an illness of seven or eight months continuance, attended by all those flattering and variable symptoms which usually accompany the disease. His remains were interred at Bunhill Fields, where a tomb was erected; and as soon as grief permitted his widow to have sufficient command of her feelings for the purpose, she wrote an elegant elegy to his memory, expressive of her deep affliction and of his worth.

Mr. Rowe appears to have well deserved this regret. He was a young man of genius, and possessed considerable learning; but what endeared him to the hearts of his relatives, was his amiability. He would not have been deplored by his wife to the last of her existence, had it not been

that his superior excellencies were constantly recurring to her mind. How beautiful is virtue! and how it embalms the memory of the dead! When time has ameliorated our sorrow, we have a melancholy pleasure in reflecting on the past busy scenes of life, in which our dear departed friend was engaged: we love to reflect upon his actions and opinions; and affection indelibly fixes his features in our remembrance. We think of the happiness of a reunion; and this idea is a sufficient stimulus to enable us to follow him in the paths of Christian duty. Yes, the good man's power Death cannot destroy; it is a portion of the Deity, and is immortal. Many have been benefited by the records of just men's lives, and urged by their example to an imitation of their conduct. Thus, when their mortal remains have long mingled with their parent earth, and when no vestige of what was once the habitation of that soul can be distinguished by human eye, the actions of the spirit done in that body often still influence the living. Should not this conviction be an inducement for us to be careful of what example we present to mankind? All are in some degree influential, and may benefit or injure others; but the heads of families, and parents in particular, have a great responsibility in the pattern which their own conduct offers for the imitation of their children and dependents.

Time diminished the poignancy of Mrs. Rowe's affliction, yet she continued to lament her loss for the remainder of her existence, and never could converse respecting her departed husband without shedding tears. She took every opportunity of testifying her respect for his family, by continual acts of kindness and courtesy.

During Mr. Rowe's life-time his residence had been principally in London, and his wife had always been too much devoted to his wishes ever to display dissimilarity when they accorded not with her own. Now that he was no more, Mrs. R. resolved to devote the remainder of her life to retirement and benevolence, for which purpose she left the metropolis for Frome, wishing to end her days in the scenes among which she had passed her childhood and youth.

In this seclusion she wrote most of her best works; among which may be included her "Letters Moral and Entertaining," her "History of Joseph," and her "Letters from the Dead to the Living;" which last production displays a visionary turn of mind, increased, no doubt, by the retired manner in which she lived. Yet all the writings of this lady inculcate such benevolence and piety, and recommend so forcibly the practice of purity and virtue, that they cannot fail of imparting beneficial effects to an impartial reader.

Mrs. Rowe occasionally left her retreat to pay

visits to her friends, particularly when seasons of affliction rendered her presence and consolations peculiarly acceptable. She was always too desirous of being useful to her fellow-creatures, ever to omit an opportunity of serving them when it was in her power. She passed some months in London with the Hon. Mrs. Thynne, when that lady had the misfortune to lose her daughter, Lady Brook; and when Mrs. Thynne died, she went to Marlborough, to soften, by her kindness and commiseration, the grief of the Countess of Hertford, on the death of her invaluable mother. Her charity to the distressed was extended to the greatest degree of liberality; she devoted half of her income to this purpose, and made it her custom to seek for proper objects on whom she might bestow her bounty. Those who had fallen from respectable stations by unavoidable calamities, it was her delight to relieve in the most delicate and soothing manner, and no doubt she was amply repaid for her kindness by those highly pleasurable feelings excited only by the performance of good deeds, and of which the narrow and selfish mind can have no conception.

Although Mrs. Rowe lived in retirement, her life was active in the true sense of the term, for it was occupied principally in benefiting others. The profits of many of her works were devoted to the poor; and she frequently bestowed upon them

her time, by assisting in the instruction of their children in whose young minds she tried to implant the strongest and firmest principles of virtue.

It was her custom, when she went out, to furnish herself with various pieces of money of different value, that she might be enabled to relieve, according to her discretion, any distress with which she might come in contact. She used frequently to say, that she never parted unwillingly with her money, except when it was necessary to expend it upon herself. How many of us might with truth express the reverse of this sentiment, and declare that self is the only object upon which it is lavished unsparingly; and that when called for in the way of charity, it is often given with a niggard hand.

There is one quality in the character of Mrs. Rowe highly estimable, and which well deserves our imitation. It is positively affirmed that she had obtained such a command over her passions, that no circumstances, even of the most provoking nature, could for a moment ruffle her temper, or excite the least symptom of anger. It is questioned whether she had ever been angry in her life: displeased she must have been very often, as well as the rest of mankind, but she controlled the feeling, keeping it within its proper limits, and thus succeeded in improving her naturally good

temper to such a degree, that its sweetness and even tenor were universally remarked by those who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance. As she was very sensitive, it is evident that she must have been susceptible of anger ; but her constant endeavours to suppress the evil of her nature, enabled her to obtain the ascendancy in this, as well as in many other points. I wish that my young readers would be emulous in following this example. What pain they would save themselves, and what pleasure they would both give and receive. The indulgence of ill-humour does not remove the offending cause, or in any degree diminish its disagreeable effects. Of what then is it productive? Of increasing the evil. It represents it in a worse point of view than it deserves, because anger usually magnifies offences. Persons who support the unavoidable ills of life with equanimity and patience, do their utmost to diminish them ; while those of bad temper add considerably to their poignancy.

I need scarcely mention, that ill-temper in a young lady is so great a defect, that its existence tarnishes every amiable quality which she may possess. What sensible girl is there, then, who would not try to root from her mind a weed of such a poisonous nature? Will she be esteemed while suffering from such an infirmity? No—it destroys amiability ; and although an ill-tempered

female may possess a good disposition, she is destitute of that real mildness and meekness of spirit, which ought to characterize females in particular, and which is by no means incompatible with necessary firmness and decision. Youth is the season for cultivating the mind, and consequently the time for exterminating bad passions; but unfortunately it frequently happens that at this age self-conceit is so predominant, that it conceals all defects, and represents to the imagination perfections which exist only in its own creative fancy. How true are the poet's expressions on this subject!

—————“ When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.”

YOUNG.

rs. Rowe's health had always been excellent; which was attributable, in a great degree, to the calmness of her mind, and to the observance of uniform temperance. She was apprehensive that an illness previous to dissolution might render her less fit to meet death, than if summoned without being subjected to long sickness, and she often expressed her wish for a sudden removal. This desire was granted in a remarkable manner, as it pleased God to visit her with a sudden attack of apoplexy, at about ten in the evening, which terminated her existence in less than four hours.

On the day preceding her death, she appeared perfectly well and cheerful; and conversed with a friend who called upon her, with unusual vivacity. She retired to her chamber early, and soon after a noise was heard in the apartment, which caused her servant to enter. Mrs. Rowe was extended on the floor, speechless, and senseless. Medical aid was unavailing; she remained in that torpid state until two in the morning, when, with only one sigh, she expired.

Religious books were lying by her, which proved that her last moments had been very suitably occupied for the sudden change.

In conformity to her wish, she was buried at Frome, by the side of her father. A plain monument marks the spot where they repose—no more to rise until they hear the trumpet of the archangel summoning the dead to the judgment seat of Christ.

Mrs. Rowe had long been wishing for a termination to her earthly existence. She frequently expressed herself to this effect, in conversing with her friends, and in her private memorandums. When she was congratulated on looking so well, and told that the goodness of her health seemed to insure many years to come, she would smile, and say, "that it was like complimenting a prisoner on the strength of his prison walls." What an enviable state of mind must she have possessed to

be so desirous of death, even while she had all that contributes to make life desirable—at least what is generally thought to do so,—health, peace, friends, and competence. Nor did her age preclude her from enjoyments, as she had not completed her sixty-third year when she died. Her desire for death, though content to wait the Almighty's time, shows her fitness to depart, and is the only state in human life worthy of our envy. Yes; it is in this point that I would have you, my young friends, imitate Mrs. Rowe. That person who is prepared for his summons to another world, is the only one truly happy in this. Riches and honours cannot give happiness; but true religion can, and does. Ask, then, of God for this inestimable treasure; and if you seek it as directed in his holy word, it will not be withheld from you.

Mrs. Rowe left several letters addressed to different friends. These epistles were superscribed to be delivered after her decease, and were published and prefixed to her works. One of them was for Dr. Watts, to whom she sent her *Devout Exercises*. Piety, and affectionate regard, were manifested throughout these letters, and they were doubtless much valued by their possessors, as tokens of remembrance of their dear departed friend.

Her modesty was conspicuous in the orders which she left relative to her funeral. She desired that it might be by night, attended only by a few

mourners, and that no stone or inscription should be placed over her grave, nor mention made of her by the clergyman from the pulpit.

The most distinguished characters of the age were among the friends of Mrs. Rowe. By the Countess of Hertford she was particularly lamented, and this lady composed a beautiful elegy to her memory. The Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl of Orrery, Matthew Prior, and Dr. Watts, all enjoyed the pleasure of her friendship, and deplored her loss. Her biographer, Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her husband's brother, speaks of her in the highest terms, as will appear from the following extract : —

“Her stature was moderate; her hair fine auburn; her eyes darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, and a beautiful blush tinged her cheeks. She spoke gracefully; her voice was sweet and harmonious, suited to the gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description: they inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create.”

It is also said of this truly amiable lady, that she was never known to make an invidious or ill-natured reflection upon any person. Detraction appeared to her an inhuman vice, for which no

wit could atone. She fortified her resolutions against a severe and acrimonious spirit, by particular and solemn vows. Although she deplored the follies of mankind, she chose not to expatiate on the melancholy theme. Her society was delightful, for she added to peculiar powers of conversation the most perfect ingenuousness, with unaffected sweetness and ease, united to the sublimest and purest sentiments.

Her poetry is particularly distinguished for its softness and harmony; in allusion to which Mrs. Rowe had the poetical name of Philomela given to her, which is similar in signification to her maiden name of Singer.

We must now bid adieu to this charming woman, earnestly entreating those young people (for whose benefit and amusement these particulars are related) to endeavour to follow her in the practice of those virtues with which she was so beautifully adorned, and which are within the reach of all who will earnestly try to obtain them.

LINES ON MRS ROWE.

Talents and worth, when they unite
Our various feelings to delight,
Present a source of pleasure given,
To charm on Earth, and lead to Heaven.

The rose is still the favourite flower
In almost every sunny bower ;
It is its worth that's thus admir'd,
Few of its fragrance e'er were tired.

Were its fine colour all its boast,
Had it its od'rous perfume lost ;
It would not bear such sovereign sway,
But often would be cast away.

But when its roseate beauty's fled,
And with'ring leaves fall round its bed,
It yet embalms the passing air,
Though life no longer lingers there.

Thus, too, of Rowe it may be said,
That though she's number'd with the dead,
Still in her writings we may find,
Grateful offerings for the mind.

The perfume taken from the rose
For many years will sweets disclose ;
So worth its traces leaves behind,
'Through this dark world to guide mankind.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

ELIZABETH CARTER was born on the 16th December, 1717, at Deal, in Kent. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., rector of Woodchurch and of Ham, and one of the six preachers in the cathedral church of Canterbury. Her mother was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne, of Bere, in the county of Dorset.

Elizabeth received a learned education, in which her father was her instructor. So slowly did she progress, and such were the impediments presented by nature, in her want of ability, to her acquirement of the dead languages, that he repeatedly urged her to give over the attempt. But she had so great a desire to become a scholar that she persevered with unwearied ardour ; and her conduct, and its effects, afford a striking proof of the powers of industry, when it is regularly and rigidly adopted.

So intensely did she study, that a part of the night was frequently devoted to books ; and it is imagined that the frequent and violent head-aches to which she was subject during life, were first

brought on from the impaired state of her health, occasioned by this injurious practice.

She lost her mother before she had completed her eleventh year; but yet those feminine accomplishments which it is peculiarly the mother's duty to superintend were not neglected. She was placed for some time at Canterbury, for the purpose of improvement, in the family of a French refugee minister. Here she acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, in which she conversed with the fluency of a native; and was taught also music and needlework.

She displayed a taste for poetry at a very early period, and published a collection of poems which were written before she had attained her twentieth year: they had for motto a quotation from Euripides, written in Greek, the translation of which is, "These things are nothing." Indeed, such was the piety of Miss Carter, that she thought all things trifling, that had not for their object the advancement of religion.

She acquired a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, in all of which her proficiency was very considerable; but in Greek she was so well versed that Dr. Johnson, speaking of a celebrated scholar, declared that he understood Greek better than any one he knew, except Elizabeth Carter. The Italian, Spanish, and German languages were soon added to her store; and, later

in life, she acquired the Portuguese and Arabic. Geography and astronomy were included in her studies, particularly ancient geography, in which she took much delight.

But the immense acquisition of learning which Elizabeth Carter obtained, would not have qualified her to be presented as an example to young people, had it not been accompanied by that fervent and genuine piety without which she could not have been fit for imitation. Elizabeth was a truly pious woman; she took great pleasure in acquiring knowledge, but she made it all subservient to her duty. The Scriptures were studied daily, and the practice of their precepts constantly adhered to. No engagement was allowed to interfere to prevent the regular reading of the Bible, nor worldly prudence suffered to urge a deviation from the conduct it enjoins.

But although religious, she was not only lively, but gay and cheerful, to the last of her existence. Indeed, it is asserted that she was very fond of dancing, and subscribed to assemblies during that time of life when such an amusement is consistent. How she found time for all her acquirements is astonishing; for drawing, painting, and the mathematics were learnt, although not with that eminent success which attended her classical pursuits.

Miss Carter was rather handsome. Her com-

plexion was fair, her features good, and her hair hung in natural curls; but her figure did not correspond with her face—it had no pretensions to grace or beauty. Her manners were extremely pleasing; and her extensive learning, and numerous accomplishments, introduced her into very superior society, which, increasing as she became more known, soon caused her to possess a large circle of acquaintances, many of whom proved friends, in the true meaning of the word.

It is thought that at an early age she had formed the determination of never marrying, as that would have occasioned an interruption to those literary pursuits which seemed to constitute her chief delight. Certain it is, that she refused several excellent offers, one in particular, when she was nearly thirty years of age, which was highly advantageous.

Dr. Carter, her father, knew that his death would leave her unprovided for, and consequently he advocated this match as strenuously as his principles would permit; but Elizabeth declined the overture, as she could not accept it without sacrificing her own happiness.

The year 1739 first introduced her to the world as a writer in prose as well as in verse. Her first work was a translation from the French of the Critique of Crousaz on Pope's Essay on Man. Crousaz was a man of piety as well as genius,

and was strongly impressed with the idea that the Essay on Man was deeply tinged with fatalism, and hostile to revealed religion. Miss Carter rather endeavoured to moderate her author's criticism, by the notes prefixed to her work, as it was her opinion that Pope himself was not aware of the tendency of the Essay. This translation induced many people to examine the philosophical tendency of the poem, who had before been blinded by its beauties; and Pope's reputation has been thought to have declined in consequence. Yet Miss Carter thought highly of Pope's genius, although there was never any intimacy between them.

Soon after, Miss Carter published her translation of Algarotti's *Newtonianisme per le Dame*, which is in English, "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the use of Ladies." This work is now very scarce.

From the age of nineteen, Miss Carter was accustomed to spend her winters in London, where she had an uncle whom she regularly visited; but her acquaintance in town soon became so extensive that he enjoyed but little of her society. Here she became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, for whom she always expressed the highest esteem. His "Lives of the Poets," which deprived him of the friendship of many, in consequence of the envy and ill-nature visible in some parts, did not

diminish her regard ; she attributed those expressions to the morbid irritability of the nerves, caused by the bodily indisposition from which the Doctor was then suffering.

In the days of Miss Carter, learning among women was much more rare than at the present time. Communications between the residents of London and those in the country were less frequent, in a general way, than is now the case. These circumstances gave rise to a singular letter written to Miss Carter by one of her sisters, many years younger than herself, during Miss C.'s visit in London. " Here's all Deal," says she, " in amazement, at your wishing to be a member of the Parliament House. Pray let us know in your next, whether it is a jest, or whether you really want to become one." How a report so absurd arose cannot be ascertained ; but certainly it did not originate in any desire of Miss Carter's for homage or publicity. She was at every period of her life averse to distinctions, when they were accompanied by exuberant flattery or falsehood, and wished to be treated without consideration of that great store of learning which she possessed.

Of this she gave proof by a letter which she addressed to an early and intimate friend, who, from the importance which she attached to Miss Carter, in consequence of the distinctions which her acquirements obtained for her, treated her

with a respect and deference that was extremely disagreeable to Miss C. To show this lady the absurdity of her conduct, she wrote her the following epistle:—

“ To Miss ——

“ November, 1742.

“ It is with the utmost diffidence, dear Miss ——, that I venture to do myself the high honour of writing to you, when I consider my own nothingness and utter incapacity of doing any one thing upon earth. Indeed I cannot help wondering at my own assurance in daring to expose my unworthy performance to your accurate criticisms—which, to be sure, I should never have presumed to do if I had not thought it necessary to pay my duty to you—which, with the greatest humility, I beg you to accept. Unless I had as many tongues in my head as there are grains of dust between this place and Canterbury, it is impossible for me to express the millionth part of the obligations I have to you. But people can do no more than they can; and therefore I must content myself with assuring you that I am, with the sublimest veneration and most profound humility,

“ Your most devoted, obsequious, respectful, obedient, obliged, and dutiful humble servant,

“ E. CARTER.

“ I know you have an extreme good knack at writing respectful letters ; but I shall die with envy if you outdo this.”

This humorous letter had the desired effect of rendering her friend less distant, and testifies Miss Carter's dislike to formality.

At the early age of twenty-two she was celebrated for learning, and had acquired connexions among the highest ranks and the first literary characters of the day ; yet not one spark of pride or vanity was discernible in her demeanour. That true humility which springs from real piety always led her to ascribe the superior powers which she possessed to the Great Author of all good, and increased her gratitude for the many blessings with which He had been pleased to favour her.

Elizabeth undertook the completion of the education of her youngest brother, who was designed for the church. Dr. Carter willingly resigned to her this task, as his own health and spirits were unequal to the necessary exertion. This engagement interrupted her usual journey to London. But she completed what she had undertaken entirely to her own and father's satisfaction, and, in the year 1756, her pupil was entered at Cambridge. He was the first college student, most probably, who was indebted for his previous

education to a female ; which circumstance excited great surprise when known at the university. He acquitted himself at college with reputation ; and for many years possessed the living of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire.

Miss Carter was in her thirty-second year when she began her translation from Greek into English of Epictetus, the Stoic philosopher. This work was undertaken at the desire of her friend, the pious and accomplished Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford. It was not originally intended for publication, and much entreaty from her friends was requisite to induce her to consent to its being presented to the public. She wrote it leisurely, as her time would allow, during the period that she was engaged in educating her brother. She was rather apprehensive that the stoical opinions of Epictetus might have an injurious tendency, in some minds, when published. To prevent this, she added notes to her translation, calculated to prevent such an effect.

Much correspondence took place between Miss Carter, Miss Talbot, and the Bishop of Oxford, respecting this work, which the Bishop himself looked over, and approved of highly. Some slight alterations were suggested, and Epictetus was presented for inspection to James Harris, Esq., M.P., a critical Greek scholar. This gentle man gave his approval of the performance, and strongly

urged its publication. The Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Hayter), and Dr. Wishart, Principal of Edinburgh College, received intimation of Miss Carter's translation, and the appearance of such a work, by a lady, became matter of conversation among the learned. Miss Carter's task of translating Epictetus was completed about the same time that her attendance to her brother's education terminated, when he went to Cambridge for its completion. Thus liberated, she went to London; and as she preferred private lodgings, that she might be free from restraint, Miss Talbot took apartments for her in St. Paul's Church-yard, opposite to the south door of the church. This situation was chosen, that she might be near her friend, Miss T., who resided at the Deanery, the Bishop's residence.

The printing of Epictetus was begun in June, 1757, and was not finished till April, 1758. It was in one large quarto, 505 pages, besides the Introduction, of 34. There were 1018 copies printed first; but as they were not sufficient for the supply of the subscribers, in the following July 250 more were produced. Two subsequent editions, in two volumes duodecimo, were afterwards published, and one since the decease of Mrs. Carter. It was printed by subscription; and the price was a guinea. There were 1038 subscribers, principally consisting of persons

eminent in station as well as in literature. The profits of this work produced nearly a thousand pounds—a sum which in those days far exceeded our present estimation of such an amount. It sold so well, that, several years after its publication, Dr. Secker, then Archbishop of Canterbury, shewed Mrs. Carter a bookseller's catalogue, saying to her, "Here, Madam Carter, see how ill I am used by the world; here are my sermons selling at half price, while your Epictetus, truly, is not to be had under eighteen shillings."

The work was much admired and talked of as soon as published, and the extraordinary circumstance of a translation from the Greek, of so difficult an author, by a woman, made a great noise throughout Europe. Even in Russia, an account was published of her, which was, on the whole, pretty correct. Among the literati and higher classes of her own country, it caused her to be known, and generally properly appreciated; although instances were not wanting of envy and malignity, which endeavoured to deprive her of her just fame, by attributing the work to her father and the Bishop of Oxford.

After the publication of her Epictetus, Mrs. Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependent on her father, although she always considered Deal as her home. She regularly passed the winter in Lon-

don, and engaged lodgings in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, which she retained for many years; but, when in town, she was constantly engaged by some of her numerous connexions, who regularly sent their carriages for her, and sent her back in the same way.

In the year 1762 she purchased a house at Deal, which her father rented of her; and as her mother-in-law was dead, and all her brothers and sisters married, she and her father resided together. Upon her devolved the task of managing their little establishment; and to one of her friends, who was regretting that her time should be so engaged, she made the following sensible reply: "I have very little domestic occupation in our small family; but as to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence than it is. The true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they happen to be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which, we may be assured, is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness." What correct sentiments are here expressed! If they were generally adopted, they would correct those feelings of discontent which prevail so much in the world; for if we were convinced that we are happier in the station allotted us by Providence than we

should be in any other, this conviction would reconcile us to the disagreeables attendant on our condition.

Mrs. Carter continued her annual visits to London, and passed the remainder of her time at Deal, until the year 1774, when she lost her father. Previous to this event, she accompanied Mrs. Montagu, a particular friend, and Lord Bath, and their families, on a continental trip. From Calais they went to Germany, proceeding down the Rhine to Holland; from thence, through Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, to Calais again.

Mrs. Carter describes Calais as surpassing her expectation: she imagined it a miserable dirty place, but considers it a pretty clean town. She admired the politeness of the French, although she expresses her dislike of their mixture of finery and dirt, so common among the lower classes.

At Lisle the party went to a convent, and had some discourse with the nuns. They observed to one that she appeared *bien contente*; to which she answered, with more sense than enthusiasm, "Quand on a pris une vocation, on seroit bien folle de n'en être pas contente." They asked whether it was possible to see the inside of the convent; to which she answered very archly, "Pas, sans y rester au moins;" at which the little rogue of a page, who attended them, laughed heartily.

The decorations of the altars in the churches, Mrs. Carter describes as more suitable for the toilette of a fine lady than for a place dedicated to the solemn service of religion; and the vestments and motions of the Catholic priests, as having more the air of a pantomime than a solemn religious office.

They stayed some time at Spa, 21 miles from Liege, as Lord Bath had been recommended to drink the waters. They dined several times with the reigning prince, who is represented by Mrs. Carter as a very agreeable man, and who received them with much courtesy. Mrs. Carter mingled with the first circles at Spa, which, as it was the height of the season, was resorted to by the Royal families of Russia, Brunswick, and many others of the German nobility.

At Aix-la-Chapelle Mrs. Carter visited the great church where Charlemagne was buried. He lies in the centre of the building; and over the spot hangs a crown of brass of several feet diameter; his head and arms are kept by way of relics in another part of the church. His baths they also saw; they were in small close rooms, so strongly impregnated with the smell of sulphur, that the party was glad to hurry away as fast as possible.

Of the Dutch, Mrs. C. observes, that they offer a most complete explanation of what is meant by

“stock still,” as they seem without motion either in their limbs or features.

The Cathedral, at Cologne, excited much admiration from the party : it is a beautiful Gothic building, richly ornamented with pictures of saints, relics, &c., among which they saw about 400 skulls, ornamented with jewels and pearls.

At Antwerp the travellers were delighted with the sight of many of the beautiful paintings of Rubens and Vandyke, who were both natives of this place ; they went also to view the noble Cathedral, and as it happened to be the birth-day of the Virgin, who is the patroness of the city, the music was in consequence exquisitely fine.

On their arrival at Bruxelles, they were surprised at seeing the windows shattered to pieces and mended with paper panes. Upon inquiry, they were informed that a few weeks before a storm of hail had fallen, the hailstones weighing nearly a pound. It did not last more than ten minutes, and providentially occurred at about two in the morning, or, in all probability, many lives would have been lost. The storm was accompanied with such lightning, that people thought the city was on fire. The next day, after being much melted, hailstones were seen in the streets as large as walnuts. The magistrates were obliged to send to other countries for glass, to assist in repairing the windows. The price of this article was, in conse-

quence, so much raised, that it cost the landlord of the inn where Mrs. C. was staying upwards of fifty pounds to mend his windows.

The frequent head-aches to which Mrs. Carter was subject, and her inability to endure much fatigue, often compelled her, during this trip, to remain at home while her friends were viewing different places of curiosity. Yet no murmur on this account ever escaped her; on the contrary, she often makes these infirmities subjects of laconic remarks in her letters to her friends.

Lord Bath did not derive any permanent benefit from the Spa waters, for he died unexpectedly the following summer. The whole of his property descended to his brother, Lieut.-General Pulteney, who survived this immense acquisition of wealth but two or three years. As he had no children, he left his fortune to Frances, wife of William Johnstone, Esq., who then took the name of his lady's family, and became afterwards, by the death of the Baronet, his elder brother, better known by the name of Sir William Pulteney. As soon as the contents of the General's will was known, Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney settled an annuity of one hundred pounds upon Mrs. Carter, by way (as they delicately expressed it) of fulfilling what they were sure was the intention of Lord Bath. Mrs. Carter declared that she had no right to expect any such legacy from his lordship; but the

transaction was conducted with so much genuine kindness on the part of these generous friends, that Mrs. Carter accepted, with gratitude, their munificent donation. Some years after Sir William added fifty pounds to the yearly annuity, in consequence of the increased value of things since its grant.

About a twelvemonth before she received this generous donation, Mrs. Carter shared with her brothers and sisters 14,000 pounds left to them by their uncle, Dr. Carter's brother, with whom Mrs. C. passed a portion of her time during her yearly visits to London.

Her circumstances were now very good, but her habits of life still continued plain and simple. Her dress was always delicately neat and clean, but not expensive; and the Hungary or Lavender water with which she was accustomed to bathe her head, constituted the whole of her expence in perfumery, cosmetics, &c. She was temperate in diet, and never took more than one glass of wine a day. But sparing as she was to herself, she was liberal and bountiful to others, and thought it right to live in a style suitable to her income, and to keep up an intercourse with her neighbours. After her father's death, she no longer kept a carriage, but she continued to live with much hospitality, and was universally beloved. Her talents and acquirements seemed to sleep, when

their appearance might have made the company sensible of their own deficiencies.

Mrs. Carter received another present of an annuity of a hundred a year from her old friend, Mrs. Montagu, who, after her husband's death, finding that the whole of his large property devolved to her, could not refuse herself the pleasure of enlarging Mrs. Carter's means of doing good. She received, besides, other legacies from her friends; for the advanced age to which she lived caused her the melancholy reflection of having survived all her early associates.

Mrs. C. had the misfortune to lose Miss Talbot, to whom she was particularly attached. This lady died of a cancer at the age of forty-nine, leaving an aged mother of eighty. Miss Talbot's works were submitted for inspection to Mrs. Carter, who selected many of them for publication.

Mrs. Carter had the happiness of including among her numerous circle of friends Lady Charlotte Finch, in whose apartments she had more than once met the Princesses. Her majesty, in consequence, hearing Mrs. Carter spoken of in high terms, desired that she should be introduced to her. Accordingly Mrs. Carter received this distinguished honour at the house of Lady Cremorne. The Queen entered into conversation with her with such condescension as soon caused Mrs. C. to feel quite at her ease; and, among other topics, Ger-

man literature became the subject of discourse. After this interview her Majesty did her the honour of lending her German books, and of sending her very flattering and obliging messages.

Mrs. Carter had often met the Duke of Cumberland at Lady Charlotte Finch's; and, about two years before her death, his Royal Highness came to Deal to inspect the regiment of which he was Colonel. One day he did Mrs. Carter the honour of calling upon her, leaving the officers who were going to dine with him, and his attendants, at the end of the street; he stayed with her about half an hour, conversing in the most friendly manner. Of course, Mrs. Carter felt highly gratified; and so did her neighbours; for many of them collected round the house, desirous of seeing a fine young man of that exalted rank, whose amiability led him to pay so marked an attention to their venerable and respected townswoman.

A short time before the Duke's visit, the Princess of Wales was at the Isle of Thanet. Her Royal Highness knew Mrs. Carter from report only, but sent her a message that she intended coming to Deal to take tea with her, at her usual hour, from which she would not suffer her to depart. Her Royal Highness came, accompanied by two ladies, a little before six o'clock, and stayed above two hours, conversing with Mrs. Carter on the different manners and customs of

the English and Germans, on literature, and various other subjects.

Thus was this learned and good lady honoured and respected. Her life glided calmly on, occasionally interrupted by those sorrows which the loss of intimate connexions could not fail to produce in so sensitive a soul, and to which her very extensive circle and great age naturally subjected her.

After the third edition of her Poems, she ceased to write for publication, and amused herself with reading the works of others. She was extremely partial to writers of her own sex, and always thought that women had not their proper station in society, and that their mental powers were not rated sufficiently high. Yet she never wished that they should interfere with the privileges of the other sex, but was of opinion, that they were generally esteemed by men inferior to what they really were.

During the summer of 1805 she had been in a very low and declining state. She thought herself going, but had a most anxious desire to see all her friends in London once more. As the time drew near for her annual visit, she seemed to gain strength; and her wish to go induced her to exert herself to the utmost. Before she left Deal, she had the whole of her will read, and explained to her relations her wishes respecting the execution of

it. She set out for London, December 23rd, and arrived at her lodgings the following day. For some time after she seemed improved in health, and was able to dine several times with her old friend, Lady Cremorne. In January a change for the worse was very evident; her strength rapidly declined, and before the close of the month she was confined to her bed. Her senses remained till within a few hours of her decease. She was perfectly prepared for the change that awaited her, and expired, without a groan or struggle, February 19th, 1806, in the 89th year of her age.

Mrs. Carter was buried, according to her own request, as privately as possible; though many of her friends were desirous of attending, and wished to pay every respect to her remains. She was interred in the burial-ground of Grosvenor Chapel (an appendage to the Church of St. George, Hanover Square, in which parish she died), and was attended to her grave by her nephews. It was her particular wish to be buried wherever she might happen to die, and that her funeral should be as plain as propriety would permit. It was in compliance with these wishes that she was not removed to Deal. A monument was erected to her memory in the chapel of her native town; and a stone, with an epitaph, marks the spot where she lies in Grosvenor Chapel.

Her property was left among her relations, in such proportions as were suitable to their various situations in life, with a few legacies to friends and servants.

Thus closed the term of Elizabeth Carter's existence: through life she had eternity always in view, and when death came, she was both ready and willing to depart.

LINES
ON MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

Led on by Genius in thy early youth,
The classic page of learning to explore ;
Ardent in search of Revelation's truth,
Each point obtained but made thee seek for more.

Yet briars and thorns bestrew'd thy path to Fame,
And mists obscur'd her temple from thy view ;
But Industry to thy assistance came,
And soon dispersed the clouds as morning dew.

What dazzling prospects then appear'd in sight,
Teeming with treasures of more weight than gold !
With eager steps thou sought'st to reach their height,
Anxious the hills of Science to behold.

To Industry thou gavest thy willing hand,
And begg'd her aid the summit to attain ;
“ Have patience then,” said she, “ we'll reach yon land,
“ If Perseverance will attend our train.

“ But think not without Trouble to succeed,
“ She's always seen where worth we seek to obtain ;
“ Nor would we from her company be freed,
“ To conquer her, is oft a pleasing pain.”

To this advice thou gav'st a willing ear,
Counsell'd by Wisdom, onward bent thy way ;
Attain'd the summit, without dread or fear,
E'er yet had flown the noon of life's brief day.

LADY RUSSEL.

LADY RUSSEL was born in the year 1636, and was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton, a nobleman of known worth, universally and justly esteemed.

Lady Rachael was first married to Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of the Earl of Carberry; but as her life then glided on unmarked by those peculiarities which claim public attention, no particulars are supplied for any account respecting her previous to her second marriage.

In 1669 she became the wife of Lord Russel, son of William, Earl of Bedford; and for nearly fourteen years their union was productive of the greatest happiness. After that lapse of time it was violently broken by the tyrannic cruelty so unjustly extended as to deprive his Lordship of life.

As Charles the Second had no legitimate children, the Duke of York, his brother, was considered by the nation as heir to the throne. To this succession objections existed among the Protestants, in consequence of James's Catholic

sentiments; and they entered into arrangements, in case of Charles's demise, calculated to secure the preservation of their own faith as the professed religion of the country. In 1680 Lord Russel proposed to the Commons a bill to prevent a Popish successor; and when it had passed it was introduced to the House of Lords, where Charles himself often attended while it was debating. It was thrown out; yet the Duke of York, when opportunity occurred, failed not to avenge himself upon Lord Russel for being the author of its introduction.

The Duke of Monmouth, the king's natural son, was much beloved by the people; and as the Duke of York's character became daily more marked by tyranny and oppression, many Protestants thought that the kingly power would be more properly exercised in the person of Monmouth than of James, and consequently a strong party was formed ready to support his claim as heir to the throne. This conspiracy, as it was termed, was headed by many distinguished nobles and gentlemen, among whom were Lord Russel and the celebrated Algernon Sydney. Information of these proceedings was communicated to the king, and Lord R. and others were immediately arrested and sent to the Tower, as state prisoners, accused of high treason.

Lord Russel was soon after brought to trial

for this offence; and now it was that the magnanimity and affection of his wife shone with such resplendent lustre. She appeared in court, seated by his side; and when the Attorney General told him that one of his servants in waiting might take notes for him of the evidence, his Lordship replied, that he required no other assistance than that of the lady who sat by him. Lady Russel then rose, and with wonderful firmness and self-command wrote what was necessary, and performed her arduous undertaking with the utmost correctness and propriety.

What must have been her feelings on hearing sentence of death pronounced upon her lord? She restrained them for his sake; and, with wonderful self-command, preserved her fortitude. Lady Russel had armed herself with courage to appear in this scene, that she might avail herself of any circumstance that might transpire calculated to benefit him; and, now that this hope was over, she resolved still to use her efforts in his behalf by having recourse to other expedients; nor would she permit her sorrow to destroy her powers of exertion.

What magnanimity was displayed in this conduct! and how worthy of our imitation! It is to be hoped that you, my young friends, will never be placed in so trying a situation as Lady Russel's; but it is very probable that some of you

may be so circumstanced as to require an exertion, although in a less degree, of the same powers, and an exhibition of similar control over your sensibilities. In cases of accident or illness, for example, how much more estimable is that young person who can exert herself to render personally every assistance in her power, than she whose overwhelming sensibility causes her to faint away in her chair. It may be said, that we have not all the same susceptibilities, and that some people's feelings are much more acute than those of others. I admit that it is so; but these extreme sensibilities ought not to be indulged, as they are a defect, and not, as I have often seen them considered, ornamental: there is no beauty in weakness, either of body or mind.

Lady Russel resolved, as a last resource, to obtain an interview with the king—to plead at his feet for mercy—to remind him, that she who was suing for pity was the daughter of that Southampton who had so firmly adhered to the royal cause during the civil wars, and who had so generously supplied the exigencies of his majesty by sending him large remittances when he was an exile wandering on the continent.

It must be observed, that Lady Russel's father had been highly esteemed on account of his great virtues and fine abilities; and that his attachment to Charles the First, whom he never

left until the end of the war, contributed much to the support of the royal party in consequence of his influence.

Surely Lady Russel had sufficient reason to anticipate a favourable result from this interview. To repay a debt of gratitude, when an opportunity offers of cancelling it, is an exquisite pleasure to a noble mind; but nobility of birth and nobility of mind are not necessarily connected—the peasant may possess the latter, and his lord only the former.

Lady Russel went to the palace, and entreated to see the king; and as her feelings were greatly excited, she almost unconsciously followed the person who went to communicate her request to his majesty, and entered the apartment before she had received permission. Throwing herself at the monarch's feet, with bitter tears she pleaded her husband's cause — assuring the king that Russel had never harboured a thought injurious to his welfare—that his crime, if such it could be called, was confined wholly to endeavours to prevent a Catholic succession in the event of his majesty's decease. Seeing Charles unmoved, she then reminded him of the merits and loyalty of her late father, and vainly sought to arouse in the ungenerous mind of the king some feeling of pity for the daughter of the man who had been his best friend during his ad-

verse circumstances. He even rejected her solicitations for a respite of a few weeks. "Shall I grant that man," said he, "six weeks, who, had I been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?" Again Lady Russel repeated, most energetically, her husband's loyalty; but Charles was resolved to show no mercy, and therefore would neither give credit to the truths she uttered, nor repay his obligations to the Earl of Southampton by showing compassion to his distressed daughter. Renewed entreaties were all useless: Charles began to weary of the scene; and Lady Russel, finding every effort fruitless, at last reluctantly desisted, and collected her courage and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke. The tears and supplications which she had offered up at the king's feet were the last demonstrations of feminine sorrow that she exhibited, until the betrayal of her anguish could no longer affect him for whom her tears flowed.

The king had told the Duke of Monmouth, that it was quite impossible for him to save Lord Russel's life, without breaking with the Duke of York; for as the condemned nobleman had openly avowed his determination to oppose the Duke's claims to the succession, the narrow mind of James exulted in his disgrace, and would be satisfied with nothing less than his death. His vindictive feelings were so violent, that he even re-

quested his brother to command Lord Russel's execution to take place in the square before York House ; but this was an indignity to which Charles positively refused his consent. No one doubted the innocence of Russel respecting the charge of conspiring against the life of the king, which he solemnly denied with his dying breath. The witnesses who deposed against him made no mention of any such design. His principal guilt had been his opposition in parliament to what he deemed unconstitutional measures, with his efforts for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne in consequence of his religion. His friends tried every means that money or interest could afford to save his valuable life. They engaged that he should promise, on his liberation, to exile himself from his native land, never more to return without royal permission ; but this proposition was unhesitatingly refused. The old Earl of Bedford, the father of Lord Russel, waited upon the Duchess of Portsmouth, and offered her a hundred thousand pounds if she could, through her interest with the king, procure his son's pardon. But every application proved vain. The independent spirit, the popularity, the talents, the courage, and the virtues of the noble prisoner, were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his liberation.

The Duke of Monmouth sent to Lord Russel

a message expressive of his willingness to deliver himself up, and to share his fate, if Lord R. thought that such a proceeding would avail any thing towards his safety. But Russel returned for answer, "that it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him."

Lord Cavendish was strongly attached to Lord Russel, and used every possible exertion to avert his doom. He proposed to facilitate his escape by changing clothes with him, and remaining as his substitute; but Russel could not be persuaded to adopt this expedient, from the conviction that it would involve his friend in serious trouble. Cavendish could not endure the idea of submitting to the unjust severity that had condemned to death so noble a character. He suggested a plan for his deliverance, which, if it had been pursued, would very probably have succeeded. He was desirous of preparing a strong party of horse, who should attack the guards, and deliver Russel forcibly on his way to the scaffold; an attempt which there was great reason to suppose the people would facilitate. This proposal was objected to by the unfortunate nobleman for the same reasons that had induced him to decline all the other expedients suggested for his deliverance — the imminent danger to which his friends would be exposed. As his fate drew near, he expressed his satisfaction that he had chosen

death rather than flight, since he felt that, separated from his family and friends, whose society and affection constituted all his happiness, life would have been to him insupportable.

An order for his execution being signed, a respite of only two days was refused to his friends. Bishops Tillotson and Burnet, with a view of serving him, endeavoured to induce him to confess resistance to be unlawful. Russel replied, "that he would not say what he did not believe," and that he had no idea of a limited monarchy, without a right to defend its limitations. His firmness in refusing to purchase life by the sacrifice of his principles, or by endangering his friends, affords the best testimony of his integrity and virtue, although it increases our regret that so much worth should have been the victim of cruelty and revenge.

Of his wife he spoke with great pleasure, as the magnanimity which she displayed was a great source of comfort to him. He observed, that a separation from her was the severest part of what he had to undergo, and he dreaded what her sufferings would be when he was gone. "Now," he added, "she is excited by her hopes to save me; but when those exertions are over, what will be the state of her feelings?" He did not oppose Lady Russel's unceasing endeavours to effect his liberation, less from any expectation of her success than from a desire that she might be perfectly con-

vinced, that no means had been spared for his deliverance.

The evening before his death, his three children, Rachel, Catharine, and his only son Wriothsesley, came to take their last farewell. They were too young to be sensible of the weight of affliction that their unhappy parents had to support, or their little hearts would have been torn with grief at receiving the last kiss that was ever to be imprinted on their lips by their beloved father. Russel parted from them with more firmness than could have been expected ; and expressed his conviction that their mother would bring them up in accordance with his wishes, as she had promised him, that, for their sakes, she would preserve herself.

Where were king Charles and his brother James at this time ? It would have been well for them, could they have seen the amiable Russel parting with his dear family and friends. It might have aroused within them some of the nobler feelings of human nature, which, as they never exhibited, we are inclined to believe they never possessed.

Lord Russel parted with his wife, in a most solemn and affecting manner, on the Friday night. He repeatedly embraced her, and exhorted her to support her misfortunes with fortitude, for the sake of her dear infant family, to whom she must in future supply the duties of both parents. Lady Russel commanded herself with heroic fortitude,

and actually parted from her lord without shedding a tear ; so desirous was she of not adding, by the display of her agonizing grief, one pang to her lord's sorrows. When she was gone, Russel exclaimed, " The bitterness of death is past." He praised her character and conduct, and spoke of his affection for her with fervour, declaring that she had been to him a blessing. He rejoiced that his children were in the hands of so admirable a mother, and observed, that the magnanimity which she had displayed at their parting had been to him highly consolatory.

Some of his last expressions denoted the composure of his mind. He observed, " that a cloud was hanging over the nation, to which his death would be more serviceable than his life ! A short time before he was conducted by the sheriffs to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, saying, " I have now done with time, and henceforth must think only on eternity."

The scaffold for his execution was erected in Lincoln's-inn-fields, that the court party's triumph might be manifested by the exhibition of the illustrious sufferer to the people. But the populace seemed much affected : many exhibited their pity by shedding tears, while others expressed their disgust at the sacrifice of so worthy a man. Bishops Tillotson and Burnet were with him in the coach : as it was passing Southampton-House,

Russel gave a last look at his once happy home ; a tear started to his eye, which he instantly wiped away, and no more were permitted to follow. He recovered immediately his serenity, and when arrived at the place of execution, ascended the scaffold with a firm step. A paper, expressive of his innocence, was delivered by him to the sheriffs, which gave great displeasure to the king and his brother ; in consequence of which Lady Russel wrote to his Majesty, to exculpate her husband.

The populace, at the sight of Russel, again testified their commiseration at his fate : every heart sensible to the feelings of humanity united in lamentations. After some time spent in prayer with the clergyman who attended him, Russel, without the least change of countenance, laid his head on the block : at two strokes it was severed from his body. This tragedy occurred July 21st, 1683, in less than a month from the time proceedings first commenced against him : he was arrested June 26th, tried July 13th, and executed July 21st.

Of Lord Russel it was said by Calamy, “ that an age would not repair to the nation his loss, and that his name ought never to be mentioned by Englishmen without respect.”

As I have before observed, we may frequently see wicked actions visited with their due punish-

ment even in this world. The Duke of York was made to feel his cruelty to Russel, at a time when his own misfortunes were crowding fast around him. After he became king, when surrounded by perplexities, in the year 1688, he addressed himself to the Earl of Bedford (the father of the sacrificed Russel), "My lord," said his majesty, "you are an honest man; you have great credit, and can do me signal service." "Ah, sire!" replied the Earl, "I am old and feeble—I can do you but little service. I once had a son, who, were he here now, might assist you; but he is no more." James was so struck with this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes.

A conviction of his injustice and cruelty must at that moment have given him sensations of the most bitter feeling. Had *he* generously solicited for Russel's pardon, it would have been easily obtained; and now, in the time of his need, he would have found in him a friend capable of assisting him, and whose gratitude would have excited him to every exertion in his favour, consistent with his principles.

We are truly blind to our own interest when we permit ourselves to be actuated by evil inclinations; the result is sure to bring that punishment upon ourselves which we design for others, or else one of a more afflicting nature.

After the execution of her husband, Lady Rus-

sel remained for some time, to use her own expression, "stupified with grief." She was amazed at the heavy calamity which she had sustained, and wondered that she could endure it. The sight of her children seemed to increase instead of alleviating her sorrows, by reminding her of the interest which their departed parent took in their welfare. When she became more composed, she was absorbed in a religious concern to behave herself aright under the mighty hand of God, and to fulfil the duties which now devolved upon her alone, of attending to the education and happiness of her beloved family.

Lord Russel's property had not been forfeited to the crown, but was secured to his wife and children, by royal permission, previous to his execution. This was a source of great comfort to his Lordship, as he frequently declared during his imprisonment.

Although Lady Russel survived her husband for above forty years, yet, even to the last of her existence, her sorrow seemed but little abated. When among her intimate connexions, expressions of grief for his loss were continually flowing from her lips; yet no reproaches were uttered against his persecutors, nor murmurs at the decrees of Providence, in assigning to her so bitter a portion. Religion was to her the only balm that solaced her wounded heart. Her piety was so great, that

it caused her to watch her conduct with rigid scrutiny, lest it should offend her Heavenly Father.

Her eyes became affected some years after her severe deprivation, and it was apprehended that she would lose her sight. She observed on this occasion, that if God thought fit that outward darkness should fall upon her, she hoped that he would not deny her his grace to strengthen her with might by his spirit in the inner man. This calamity however did not befall her; her eyes were couched, and she derived so much benefit from the operation that she could see to write without spectacles to the day of her death.

At another time her dear and only son was so ill, that his life was despaired of. His pious mother, while she hung over his bed, expressed her feelings in appropriate passages from Scripture, expressive of her confidence in the Almighty, and of her conviction that He would enable her to endure unrepiningly his dispensations; frequently exclaiming, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The little lord recovered, to the inexpressible joy of his family; and Lady Russel did not forget whose hand had raised him.

She expressed her resolution of testifying her gratitude for this mercy, by guarding against secret murmurs at her fate, for fear that she might provoke God to repeat his threatenings of render-

ing more bitter that cup of which she had already so deeply drunk.

Her ladyship's only son, Wriothesley, succeeded his grandfather in 1700, and was made Duke of Bedford. He married the daughter and heiress of John Howland, Esq., and became the father of three sons and two daughters. When he was in his 31st year, he was attacked with the small pox, of which he died in May, 1711. The affliction of his family may be conceived. It was again necessary for Lady Russel to exert those noble powers of mind for which she was so eminently distinguished; it was not for herself alone that they were now required—others looked to her for consolation and support. It was not in vain that she was expected to set them an example worthy of imitation. Resignation to the will of God, whose wise decrees are to us incomprehensible, was the ruling principle of her whole life; and on this sorrowful occasion she strongly recommended it to her dear family circle, not only as a consolation, but as a duty. God never afflicts unnecessarily; consequently we may be assured that whatever happens to us is for the best, although that may appear at the time of our distress almost impossible. An affliction may be permitted to visit us, to prevent our falling into a sin that might lead us to eternal misery. The loss of those whom we love the best often loosens the ties that bind us to this

world, and causes us to think of another, when nothing else would have had that power. Should we lament the death of our friends if we were convinced that they were taken away in mercy, to save them from impending misery? We cannot say that it is not so. Let us not, then, presume to murmur at the decrees of the Almighty; but let it be our constant prayer, that he will enable us to bear them with proper submission.

Lady Russel's trials were not yet completed; another severe stroke awaited her, upon which occasion she proved that the magnanimity of former years had not deserted her. Her daughters had formed splendid alliances: one had married Lord Cavendish, and was become Duchess of Devonshire; and the other was united to the Duke of Rutland. Six months after the death of their brother, these ladies were both confined, nearly at the same time. The Duchess of Rutland died; and it was of course highly necessary to conceal the event from the knowledge of her sister. Lady Russel, after seeing her beloved daughter in her coffin, hastened to her last remaining child, to prevent the suspicion which her absence might occasion. The duchess eagerly inquired, on seeing her mother, after the welfare of her sister. Assuming a cheerful air, Lady Russel effectually practised what was requisite, without deviating from the

truth. "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day," she replied. This answer satisfied the duchess; and Lady R.'s further precautions prevented her from being made acquainted with the calamity, until its communication was no longer likely to produce dangerous effects.

What great self-command was here displayed ! What admirable proofs she gave of her consideration for others, which enabled her, when suffering the most exquisite grief, to shew no outward signs of discomposure.

Although Lady Russel, in the free effusions of her heart among her intimate friends, constantly deplored the loss of her dear husband, yet she never expressed any keen resentment against those who were concerned in his death. When James the Second was compelled to leave his throne, and became a wanderer in a foreign land, her ladyship never triumphed in his distresses, although she deplored the blind bigotry which governed him. Even the inhuman Judge Jefferies, who delivered a flaming speech against Lord Russel at his trial, is passed over in silence by her, and she makes no mention, either in her letters or papers, of his disgrace, imprisonment, and death. In fact, her ladyship plainly evinced that her mind was in close connection with God, earnestly endeavouring to seek his blessing ; and though still suffering from the incurable wound which the loss of the best of

friends and husbands had inflicted, yet there are no traces of an angry spirit against the unkind instruments that had brought upon her such overwhelming sorrows.

Lady Russel survived her husband upwards of forty years. She had promised him to be careful of her health for the sake of her children, and she was religiously mindful to perform that promise. Indeed, her letters during her long widowhood are the most tender and honourable testimony of her respect for his memory.

After the revolution, she made use of her interest to procure Mr. Samuel Johnson a pension, as a mark of her gratitude for his attachment to her late lord, to whom he had been chaplain. This gentleman always mentioned Lord Russel in enthusiastic terms, declaring him to be "the greatest Englishman we had."

Lady Russel gradually declined into respectable and venerable old age: and although time brought amelioration to her sufferings, the sting implanted by her husband's violent death was felt acutely to the last of her existence. She left this world, in calmness and tranquillity, 29th September, 1723, in her 87th year; and we trust that her emancipated spirit was made happy in a reunion with her lord, and that they are now both among the blessed who are admitted to the joyful presence of our Great Redeemer.

LINES
ON LADY RUSSEL.

How selfish are the tears we shed !
How soon, when grieved, they flow !
Though rarely by our feelings led
To weep for others' woe.

But, lady, thou could'st stop their course,
Though agonized with grief;
Whence had thy mind the vigorous force
T' avoid the sad relief ?

Affection gave the mighty pow'r,
All outward woe to hide ;
And so absorb'd each passing hour,
To exclude all else beside.

But when at last her lord was gone,
Her sorrow deep appears ;
When Death his cruel work had done,
Ah ! then behold—her tears !

LADY JANE GREY.

LADY JANE GREY was the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, and was descended from the royal throne of England by both her parents,

As she was nearly of an age with Edward the Sixth, and shewed a great inclination for study, she received her education from his instructors; and surpassed him in the acquirement of the ancient and modern languages, as well as in every branch of polite literature. She was well acquainted with Latin, Greek, Chaldee, and Hebrew; and seemed to derive infinite pleasure from the cultivation of her mind.

Lady Jane was seldom engaged in the occupations or amusements usually pursued by young ladies of her age and station; they seemed to her wearisome and insipid. But although her usual private employments were of a deep and abstruse nature, yet no one in society was more elegant and engaging than Lady Jane Grey.

She was strongly attached to the reformed religion, and was a truly pious Christian, notwithstanding her youth.

Her parents were ambitious, unfeeling characters, and treated their amiable daughter with unjustifiable severity. The cause of this behaviour cannot be elucidated ; but its effect was beneficial to Lady Jane, as it induced her to prefer solitude to their society, and caused her to pass that time in study which would otherwise most probably have been devoted to them. She confessed to a friend, that she found it impossible to please her father or mother, "Whatever I do," said she, "is wrong : I cannot eat, drink, walk, or sit, to their satisfaction. Continually am I reproved ; often do I receive pinches, and other marks of their anger, which (for the honour I bear them) I will not mention. My happiest moments are those which I pass with my tutor, Mr. Aylmer. His manner is all mildness, and so agreeably do the hours pass that are devoted to his lessons, that sometimes I cannot refrain from tears when I am obliged to close the books."

Possibly the Duchess of Suffolk saw in Lady Jane a continual, though passive, reproach. Haughty and overbearing, she could not avoid seeing that her daughter was the very reverse, and that while her own conduct excited the disgust and hatred of her dependents, her child's humility and amiable qualities secured universal esteem. Very probably it was from the jealous feelings to which this conscious inferiority gave

birth, that the ill-treatment may be attributed to which Lady Jane was subject.

The theological disputes of the times peculiarly engaged her attention ; and, consequently, to her enlightened mind, the errors of the Roman Catholic Church appeared evident. It is related that Lady Jane was visiting Princess Mary at Newhall, in Essex, when a circumstance occurred which proved her contempt of the Catholic forms, and which, it is asserted, caused her ever after to be disliked by Mary. Lady Ann Wharton and Lady Jane were passing the altar situated in the chapel, on which the sacrament was prepared ; Lady Ann reverentially bowed. Jane affected surprise, and asked if she saw the Princess, and whether she was in the chapel ? “ No,” replied her companion ; “ I do homage to Him who made us all.” This lady alluded to the bread prepared for the sacrament, which the Catholics believe is changed into the real body of Christ. “ How can that be ?” retorted Jane quickly ; “ how can He be there that made us all, and yet the baker made him ?” This sarcasm was repeated to Mary ; and to such a narrow-minded being, impressed with the strongest bigotry, it was likely to be the foundation of hatred.

Lady Jane’s predilection for learning and philosophy is attested by Roger Ascham, tutor to the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. This

gentleman was going to leave England, and calling to pay a farewell visit to the Duke of Suffolk's family, he found Lady Jane deeply engaged in the perusal of Plato's *Phædon*, while her parents were hunting in the park. Mr. Ascham inquired why she did not accompany the party; and whether she really preferred passing her time in such grave studies? "I derive," answered she, with a smile, "a pleasure in the reading of this book, far superior in its nature to any that hunting can possibly afford. I pity those poor people who find in such amusements their highest enjoyments." "And pray, madam," said Mr. A., "by what methods have you attained this superiority of discernment, uncommon even in our sex, but still more so in yours." "I am indebted for it," replied she, "to the severity of my parents, and to the gentleness of my tutor: the former require from me an accuracy and perfection, as if I were not mortal; while the latter instructs me in a manner so mild and alluring, that hours pass away unconsciously. My studies have become my pleasures—pleasures which daily increase, and in comparison of which every other occupation is irksome."

The practice of philosophy was soon required from the Lady Jane, with a severity unprecedented in one so young and innocent. She then gave ample proof of the benefit which she had

acquired from its study ; for she was neither elated by prosperity, nor depressed by adversity. But she went further than this, — she gave up life with the firmness of a true Christian, supported in the last extremity through faith in Christ. All true philosophy is derived from religion—that is its basis and foundation ; and those that have a sufficiency of regenerating grace may say with St. Paul, “I can do all things through Christ, that strengtheneth me.” No doubt, many of the ancient heathens were imbued with a conviction of the true God, and of his attributes ; and the real philosophy displayed by Socrates and Plato emanated from piety implanted in them, in a mysterious manner, by that Almighty whose ways are too incomprehensible for our finite capacities to understand.

The ambition of the intriguing Northumberland induced him to wish for an union between Lady Jane and his son, Lord Guildford Dudley ; and as this young nobleman was extremely amiable, he succeeded in gaining the affections of Lady Jane, and they were married in May, 1553. King Edward was in a very declining state of health, and Northumberland had formed a plan for the elevation of his own family, upon the apparent probability of this excellent young monarch’s decease. His intentions he communicated, in part, to the Duke of Suffolk, who was

weak enough eagerly to enter into a project which, though replete with injustice, tended so much to his own aggrandizement. Shortly after Lord Guildford's marriage the king became much worse, and, in a conversation with the Duke of Northumberland, he was regretting the prospect of his sister Mary's succession, in consequence of her Popish bigotry. The crafty nobleman eagerly seized the opportunity of introducing the subject on which his dearest hopes were placed. He represented to the young king, in glowing colours, the horrors to which the kingdom would be subject under the government of Mary. He reminded him, that the princesses were only his half sisters ; that they had been declared illegitimate, and that though Henry by his will had restored them to the succession, yet that Edward could not, with any regard to justice, exclude the one, and not the other. He added, that the young king might devise the crown, by letters patent, to whom he pleased, and that, as it ought to devolve on the next heir, which was the Duchess of Suffolk, this lady would, no doubt, easily be persuaded to relinquish her right in favour of her daughter. Lady Jane Grey would then ascend the throne, whom every one would allow to be qualified for so elevated a station, and whose strong attachment to the Reformed religion was well known. To this reasoning Edward had

but one objection ; he could not, at first, endure the idea of treating his sister Elizabeth with so much apparent unkindness. He loved her with the fondest affection ; she was the dearest to him of any one in the world. But, upon reflection, Edward at length consented to adopt Northumberland's plan of appointing Lady Jane Grey to succeed him. He knew well her capabilities for the high station of Queen, and how brilliantly her virtues would shine from a throne.

Disease gained ground daily with the young monarch ; and as he verged to the confines of another world, the honours and splendour of this life appeared to his pious mind in their proper point of view. He remembered that the duties of sovereignty are so numerous, and require so much self-denial and exertion, that to govern a nation is more a life of toil than pleasure, if the welfare and prosperity of the people are, as they ought to be, the constant object of the sovereign's concern. These reflections diminished his regret at Elizabeth's exclusion, and determined him to will the crown to Lady Jane.

Much opposition to this arrangement respecting the succession was manifested by the officers of state ; but the wily Northumberland managed, by threats, promises, and intrigues, to over-rule their resistance.

No sooner was the settlement adjusted, than

Edward's malady rapidly increased. He had been prevailed upon by the Duke of Northumberland to dismiss his physicians, and to place himself under the care of an ignorant pretender, whose medicines only tended to increase his disorder. Dark suspicions were entertained by the courtiers as the fatal symptoms of dissolution rapidly approached; and many believed that the death of this amiable young monarch was accelerated by Northumberland's wicked devices.— Edward expired at Greenwich, July 16th, 1553, in the 16th year of his age, and seventh of his reign.

The Blue-Coat school, for the maintenance and education of decayed tradesmen's sons, was founded by this young king; as was also St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His death was universally lamented; for no young prince ever gave greater expectations to a country, than he did, of becoming a just, beneficent, and good king.

Measures having been taken, by the Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, to keep the nation as tranquil as possible, and to paralyse the effort of the Princess Mary, they proceeded to Sion House, accompanied by several of the nobility, to inform Lady Jane Grey of her sudden elevation. Ignorant of her father-in-law's ambitious designs, Jane heard their communication with astonishment and grief. She nobly pleaded the preferable

title of the princesses ; declared that royalty had no charms for her, and that she infinitely preferred the peace of private life. She stated, that her principles would not justify her acceptance of honours to which she had no right ; and she pointed out, with almost prophetic skill, the dangers to be apprehended from her assumption of sovereignty. Vain was all her pleading ; the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, and her mother, exerted their influence and authority to induce her to alter her determination. Lord Guildford Dudley joined in their entreaties ; and when Lady Jane saw that it was his wish that she should accept the crown, she no longer resisted, but gave an unwilling consent.

At that period it was customary for the Sovereigns of England to pass the first days of their accession at the Tower. Northumberland conducted his daughter to that fortress ; and orders were given to the council, to proclaim throughout the kingdom the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane entered the Tower with all the splendour and pomp of royalty, attended by the principal nobility, and having her train supported by her own mother.

Lady Jane was proclaimed ; but the people seemed dissatisfied with the deviation from the hereditary succession, and no rejoicings followed. Contempt was manifested by the majority, and

silence and indifference by those who were less interested in the matter.

In the mean time the Princess Mary sent circular letters to all the nobility, stating her claim, and commanding them immediately to proclaim her Queen. The Roman Catholics flocked to Mary; and she assured all those who were of the Reformed religion, that it was her firm resolution never to alter the laws which her late brother had established. How she kept her word, the blazing fires of Smithfield soon testified. The country people were principally in her interest; and she entered London attended by an immense concourse, which daily increased. A fleet, stationed by the Duke of Northumberland off the coast of Suffolk, entered Yarmouth, and declared for Mary; and even the council, who had acknowledged Lady Jane, and exerted themselves much in her interest, finding that her cause could no longer be supported with safety, thought it most prudent to declare for the rightful heiress. They communicated their sentiments to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who coincided with them in opinion, and adopted the same line of conduct. Mary was immediately proclaimed in London, amidst shouts of applause from the short-sighted, giddy populace.

Northumberland, deserted by his followers, and finding his army far too weak to encounter with

his opponent, even admitting the fidelity of his soldiers, of which he much doubted, joined in the general acclamation in favour of Mary.

The Duke of Suffolk, who resided in the Tower, of which he had command, finding resistance vain, opened the gates, and declared for Mary; previously informing Lady Jane of the state of affairs, and of the necessity of her resigning all the ensigns of royalty.

Lady Jane received the information with the utmost satisfaction, yet she could not divest her mind of apprehensions for the consequences of what she termed "her sinful acceptance of the crown." She said to her father, "I have grievously sinned, and acted contrary to my right reason, out of obedience to you and my mother; but I acknowledge my fault, and by my willing relinquishment of sovereignty, I make the only reparation in my power." Thus ended the short reign of Lady Jane, after a continuance of ten days. The Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland, with many more of the nobility, who had favoured the cause of Lady Jane, were committed to the Tower as prisoners. Mary, desirous of popularity, assumed the appearance of clemency; she pardoned most of the counsellors, who pleaded various excuses in extenuation of their conduct. Even Suffolk obtained his liberty; and had it not been for his folly in joining some insurgents in a

rebellion which broke out shortly after, he might in all probability have saved his daughter's life, as well as his own.

Northumberland's guilt was too flagrant for any hope of mercy. He was tried by a jury of peers, condemned, and executed. Previous to his trial, he was in a state of the most abject depression; he fell on his knees, when first taken into custody, and supplicated most earnestly that his life might be spared, promising for the future the greatest loyalty and fidelity to Mary. At his trial he seemed to have recovered his fortitude, and at first endeavoured to defend himself with much self-command; but, overpowered by the replies which he received, he at length acquiesced in the justice of the proceedings of the jury, and pleaded Guilty.

To the astonishment of the spectators, when brought to the place of execution, Northumberland declared himself a Roman Catholic, and exhorted the people to return to the faith of their forefathers. Most probably he was sincere in his statement, and had adopted the Reformed religion merely to promote his political views, without any conviction of its evangelical purity. This must have been the case, as the hour of death does not admit of the government of worldly policy.

Though sentence of death had been pronounced against Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford

Dudley, there was no appearance of its being put into execution; and had it not been for the Duke of Suffolk's imprudence, it is more than probable that their lives, and his own, might have been spared.

Queen Mary's bigotry in religious matters was very soon apparent, and excited much dissatisfaction in the nation. A rebellion in consequence broke out, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Suffolk was weak enough to join the malcontents in the delusive hope of regaining the crown for his daughter. The conspiracy was soon crushed; and as Suffolk's conduct was now totally unpardonable, his ingratitude was imputed by the unjust and implacable Mary to his children; and both Lady Jane and Lord Guildford were ordered to prepare for death.

Feckenham, the Queen's chaplain, was appointed to inform Lady Jane of the fate that awaited her; and at the same time he strenuously exhorted her to become a convert to the Popish faith, as three days reprieve had been allowed by Mary in order that this purpose might, if possible, be effected. Lady Jane received the fatal communication without emotion: she had seen the impending storm, and had prepared herself to sustain its approach. For the interest expressed by the Catholic clergy respecting her salvation, Jane was thankful, but declared her firm adherence to

the Reformed religion. She discussed with them her objections to the doctrines and authority of their church; and the part which she sustained in this conference has been highly commended by several ecclesiastical historians.

During her captivity she wrote several letters; among which was one addressed to Dr. Harding, her father's chaplain, who had apostatized from his religion. She entreated him to reflect upon the enormity of his conduct, urging the most persuasive reasons, from the Scriptures, in support of her arguments.

It is stated in Hollinshed's Chronicle, that various excellent treatises were written by Lady Jane; but of their subjects, or where they are to be found, we are not informed. She composed for her own use a long and beautiful prayer, full of sublime expressions of devotion, which is inserted in Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Church.

She wrote a Latin letter to Bullinger, who was instructing her in the Hebrew language, thanking him for his attentions, and expressing for him great deference and respect. Another letter was addressed to her sister, Lady Katherine Grey, abounding in affectionate sentiments and exhortations to piety. These two last-mentioned epistles were written the night before her execu-

tion, on some blank leaves of her Greek testament, which she had been previously perusing.

The evening before her death she was again annoyed by Roman Catholic priests, who used vain persuasions to induce her to die in what they termed the true faith. She told them that she had no leisure for controversy, as she was desirous of devoting the short remainder of her life in preparations for eternity. For some time they persecuted her with their impertinent importunities; but her answer to their cruel anathemas was prayer, and she endured all their upbraidings with exemplary patience. At last they quitted her, as "a lost and forsaken member;" but it was evident from her conduct, during the last trying scene of her existence, that these wise prelates were themselves very far from truth when they uttered this assertion; for no one could have acted as Lady Jane did, under such trying circumstances, without Christ himself had vouchsafed his especial support.

Lord Guildford, on the morning of his execution, was desirous of an interview with his wife; but she refused this request, assigning as a reason, that it might possibly shake that firmness and courage which it was so requisite for them to exert. She reminded him, by her messenger, that their separation was near its termination, for that in a few hours they should meet, never again to

part, in scenes of blissful happiness, where the cares and troubles which attend mortal existence are unknown.

Lord Guildford passed Lady Jane's prison on his way to Tower Hill, where he was beheaded. She gave him from the window some tokens of her affectionate remembrance, but still preserved her fortitude, and quietly awaited her summons.

Lady Jane's execution took place within the verge of the Tower, as the council did not think it prudent to have her suffer with her husband, apprehensive of the effect which such a spectacle might make on the minds of the populace.

Sir John Gage, the constable of the Tower, led Lady Jane to the scaffold, and on their way they met the headless body of Lord Guildford, wrapped in a linen cloth, going to the Tower chapel for interment. Lady Jane stopped, gazed at the affecting spectacle, and gave to the memory of past recollections the tribute of the last tears that she was ever to shed. The account that was given to her of the courage with which he died, seemed to inspire her with fresh fortitude; she quickly dried her tears, sighed heavily, and then desired them to proceed.

Sir John Gage requested her to bestow on him some memorial, which he might keep for her sake. She gave him her table-book, in which she had just written three sentences—one in

Latin, another in Greek, and a third in English—expressive of her feelings on beholding the corpse of her husband. Their purport signified, that, though condemned by human justice, Divine mercy would be extended to his soul; and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth and inexperience might be considered in extenuation, and would mitigate, she hoped, her offence in the opinion of posterity: she stated her firm trust in the favour and forgiveness of her Heavenly Father.

Having reached the scaffold, she addressed the spectators in a concise, but very impressive manner. Her crime, she said, had not been ambition—she had never wished for the crown; but it consisted in not having rejected it with sufficient firmness. She had yielded an improper obedience to those whom she had been accustomed to revere and obey. The only reparation now in her power to make to the injured state, was to suffer the penalty of those laws upon which she had infringed, and that she consequently submitted cheerfully to death. Her punishment was just, as she had allowed herself to be the instrument of the ambitious projects of others; and she trusted that her history would prove useful, by demonstrating that personal innocence is no excuse for acts that tend to injure the community. No complaint or murmur at the severity of her

treatment escaped her lips, although it must have been the prevailing feeling among those who listened to her last words. She concluded with a solemn profession of her faith, and repeated a psalm in English. She then thanked, in the most grateful manner, all who had endeavoured to alleviate her sorrows by acts of kindness. Her two waiting-women were with her; to the one she gave her gloves, and to the other her handkerchief; and her prayer book she presented to Sir John Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower. She then began to prepare for death, and untied her gown. The executioner, stepping forward, offered his assistance. This she declined; and turning to her women, they disrobed her, and gave her a handkerchief to cover her eyes, while their own were suffused with bitter tears, as they rendered these last sad duties to their beloved mistress. The executioner, kneeling, requested her pardon; to which she replied, "Most willingly." He then requested her to stand upon some straw, which brought her in sight of the block. She said to the executioner, "I pray you, dispatch me quickly." In a few moments after she bound the handkerchief over her eyes, with the greatest composure, and, feeling for the block, said, "Where is it? What shall I do?" One of the spectators of this tragic scene gently guided her to it; when, kneeling down, she stretched herself

forwards, and devoutly uttered, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Immediately the axe descended, and at one blow her head was severed from her body. Thus perished this talented and amiable lady, February 12th, 1554, in the eighteenth year of her age—a victim to the ambition of her parents, and to the malignant cruelty of a sovereign who possessed power only to misuse it.

Sentence of death had been pronounced upon Lady Jane Grey by Judge Morgan, who shortly after became raving mad in consequence of his conviction of the injustice of her punishment. He died in that deplorable condition, continually uttering piercing shrieks, and begging those around him to *take the Lady Jane away from him*.

Queen Mary's callous heart does not appear to have been affected by any such remorse, or she would not have pursued such a course of cruelty as continued to distinguish her reign. But it is evident from history that she was a very unhappy woman; nor is it possible to suppose her otherwise, for misery and guilt always go hand in hand, although the former may sometimes be concealed from superficial view, disguised under the semblance of gaiety or grandeur.

The guilty ambition of the Duke of Suffolk, which had brought his child to the scaffold, con-

signed him to the same fate. Soon after her death, he was tried, condemned, and executed. Life could not have been desirable; its termination must have been the only acceptable boon that a father could crave who had been the means of destroying his own daughter by causing her to become the victim of filial obedience. All that can be said in extenuation of Suffolk's conduct is, that he was an exceedingly weak man, and was in a great degree the tool of Northumberland.

That worldly ambition should possess great influence over people of little minds is not surprising, as they are destitute of that discernment which enables the wise man to see the insufficiency of human greatness towards procuring our universal desire — happiness. But that those who possess good sense, the comforts of life, and even its honours and riches, should risk all for the sake of distinctions and powers—which, if justly supported, can only increase the duties of their possessors—is a folly scarcely to be credited, if history did not afford us abundant proof of its existence.

The Duchess of Suffolk affords a striking example of the instability of worldly greatness, and of the dangers which attend the ambitious. Of royal descent, married to a nobleman of distinguished rank, and possessed of all the enjoy-

ments that attend such a high station, yet when the prospect appeared that her daughter, Jane might exalt her family still higher by availing herself of the offer of sovereignty, this ambitious woman was unmindful of justice, or of her daughter's feelings. Dazzled by the attendant splendour and pomp, she ceased not to persecute Lady Jane until she compelled her to abandon her own sound judgment, and, by complying with the wishes of her parents, to plunge the whole family into irretrievable ruin. A few years after the death of the Duke of Suffolk and his eldest daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, the second, Lady Elizabeth Grey, having displeased Queen Elizabeth, was immured in prison, where she died. The third married one of the guards in the Tower, and fell into circumstances and connexions totally different from those to which she had been accustomed. Deserted by all whom she had esteemed friends, the Duchess of Suffolk was actually obliged, one winter's evening, after all these calamities had befallen her, to take shelter in a church porch, as she had not any home to go to. The remainder of her life was passed in poverty and obscurity.

Lady Jane is described by Dr. Fuller as possessing the united excellencies of the various periods of life. She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle

life, and the wisdom of old age. Her birth was that of a princess ; she had the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint—and yet she suffered the death of a malefactor for the offences of her parents. Notwithstanding all her acquisitions, she was so humble and pious that everybody admired and loved her. She was neither exalted when she possessed the crown, nor greatly dejected when her palace became her prison, but maintained an equal temper of mind in those great inequalities of fortune. We may humbly believe, that she is now shining resplendently in her Heavenly Father's kingdom, since she had all the characteristics requisite for those who wish to inherit a glorious immortality.

In the apartment in which she was confined the following verses were found inscribed, with a pin or some other similar instrument, on the wall. They were written in Latin, and may be thus rendered :—

Think not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free ;
The bitter cup I drink to-day,
To-morrow may be drunk by thee !

Fruitless all malice if our God is nigh ;
Useless all pains if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the promise of eternal day !

LINES ON LADY JANE GREY.

Could not thy innocence nor youth
With Mary for thee plead?
Was her dark mind so dead to truth
That nought could intercede?

Were all thy talents and thy worth
Alike unheeded too?
Could not the kindred ties of birth
Be heard for thee to sue?

Ah! no; this cruel Queen's hard heart,
Soft pity could not melt;
Unfit to play the Sovereign's part,
No sympathy she felt.

Though high in rank, yet really low,
A bigot proud and mean;
Those virtues Mary never knew,
Which most adorn the Queen.

Though born of England's royal race,
And call'd to rule the state,
Her history's marked by such disgrace
As time can ne'er efface.

And could she think the Pow'rs above
By such sad scenes to please?
Could Christ, whose very name is Love,
Approve of deeds like these?

Poor Lady Jane! in all thy bloom
Condemn'd to suffer death,
With firmness thou could'st meet thy doom,
Supported by thy faith.

To Heaven for help thou did'st apply,
By earnest fervent pray'r ;
God for thy wants gave full supply—
For mercy's seat is there.

His pity listen'd to thy woes,
It view'd thy streaming eyes ;
It brought thy sorrows to a close,
And took thee to the skies.

And now, my dear young friends, reflect, I entreat you, upon the information to be derived from the perusal of my little volume. What does it teach you? What erroneous opinions has it corrected? In the life of the Princess you see the uncertainty of existence. She was young, healthy, and possessed rank and riches; but of what avail were they in the hour of her extremity? The most eminent medical men in the kingdom could not save her life, or even prolong her departure for a moment, when God sent his summons for her soul. Why then should we attach an improper value to wealth and earthly grandeur, since their tenure is so uncertain, and their possession inadequate to shield from trouble?

Look at the life of Lady Jane Grey. What did she derive from her exalted station? Misery in life, terminated by a violent and premature death. All earthly acquisitions merit but little

estimation, except as they can be made instrumental for promoting our eternal welfare in a better world, or as they may enable us to benefit our fellow creatures in this. I mean not to depreciate learning—far from it: knowledge brings us nearer to the Source from whence it springs. It shews us our nothingness, by giving us a glimpse of that immensity of power and understanding that we see displayed in the finite portions of science, which man's limited capacity is permitted to comprehend. Who can contemplate the solar system without admiration? Look at the planets, as they perform their regular annual circles around the sun; they all share, doubtless, equally with our own the attention of the Almighty yet for what purpose they were created we cannot tell. On what errand is the comet sent, which is lost in space, and yet returns, true to the calculated appointed time? It is not for us to know; its path is pointed out by that all-powerful God, who directs all things with consummate wisdom, and who, in his bountiful kindness, allows human beings to understand the first rudiments of science, to teach them humility, as it plainly tells them that they know nothing. What comparison do you think there will be between the finest music that we have on earth, and the celestial harmony that will delight our souls in heaven? Ah! my dear children, in this, as in astronomy.

we have but the very first rudiments of the science. Your education is begun in this world, but its completion is reserved for another, if God give you the grace to reach his kingdom. As our capacities will then be enlarged, I have no doubt but that we shall derive much enjoyment from knowledge, as it will be the cause of increasing our love and adoration for its blessed Author.

Remember above all things, my young readers, through life, to make religion your guide—not a mere professional adoption of it, which is but too common, and which it is very easy to assume; but a practical one, which it is very difficult constantly to pursue. The former consists in adhering to outward forms; in abstaining from those worldly pleasures for which we have no inclination; in talking a great deal, but in doing very little; and in giving to the poor what we can spare, without curtailing our own enjoyments. Practical religion requires a conformity to God's ordinances; but it also enjoins a strict compliance with that rule of conduct recommended by our blessed Saviour. We must never hesitate to sacrifice inclination when it is opposed to duty. This is alluded to in the New Testament, under the figure of sacrificing an eye or a hand if necessary.

It is also your duty to attend diligently to those pursuits to which your parents direct your atten-

tion. The performance of minor duties is strongly urged in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The parable of the talents shews the necessity of cultivating abilities; and many parts of Scripture might be produced to testify God's detestation of idleness, disobedience, and other faults to which young people are apt to be inclined.

The life of Hannah Moore presents a bright example of employing to the best advantage our time and talents. What disagreeables she encountered in her endeavours to establish Sunday-schools; and what unwearied perseverance she displayed in effecting her object. You may neither possess her capabilities, nor sphere of action; but you may humbly imitate her line of conduct. We all have opportunities of usefulness, however feeble our powers, or limited our connections; and where diligence is employed in the use of these means, although they may appear trifling, great benefits may result. For instance, we ought to be very circumspect in conduct, not only in consideration of ourselves, but because our example is often influential when we are unconscious of it. We may be joked, or even ridiculed, for a strict observance of the Sabbath, or for our adherence to any other duty; but if we remain firm in our principles, and state our reasons for their adoption, a conviction of their propriety may induce others to embrace them.

No branch of study is more productive of beneficial effects than history, if properly pursued, and correctly applied; for while it communicates the events of past ages, it clearly portrays the unhappy condition of the wicked, and demonstrates most awfully the retributive justice of the Almighty, which is so frequently manifested even in this world—doubtless for our admonition.

It is recorded of Dr. Gardiner (who took such an active part in the sacrifice of human life that disgraced the reign of Mary) that he was so desirous of receiving information of the precise moment when the sufferings of Ridley and Latimer commenced, that he dispatched a messenger to Oxford for the purpose of bringing him immediate intelligence when the fire actually surrounded them. His cruelty and vindictive feelings caused him to delight in the tortures which he then imagined them to be enduring; forgetful, amidst all his zeal for what he termed true religion, that the omnipotence of God could, if he thought fit, mitigate the agonizing power of the flames, and yet render them the means of removing these venerable men from this transitory world. What can be more despicable than to triumph in the afflictions of others? Are we not commanded to do all the good in our power, even to our enemies? Yet this merciless abettor of Popery, whom Mary had raised to the high rank

of Lord Chancellor of England, and who expected to become a Cardinal, was so contemptible as to derive actual pleasure from the martyrdom of those, whose only ground of offence was presuming to differ from him in religious opinions. About four o'clock his messenger returned with the tidings, that he had seen the fire blazing which was destined to consume these holy men. Gratified with the communication, Gardiner sat down to dinner with the Duke of Norfolk, who happened to be his guest that day. His delight was now as great as it could be: he would have liked to have been present at the sad spectacle, that he might have feasted his eyes with their sufferings; but this neither his dignity nor his office would permit. But very short was his season of joy. He was taken ill directly after; his disease proved to be a leprosy, attended with dropsy; and he died November 14th, 1555, the very day month that Ridley and Latimer suffered. His remorse of conscience was most bitter, and his bodily sufferings excruciating; he confessed the enormity of his sins, but evinced no tokens of repentance, for blasphemies and curses issued from his lips to the last moment of his existence.

We ought to be careful how we attribute the sufferings of mankind as particular visitations of God for their offences, because such conclusions are not justifiable, and we have no right to judge

others. Besides, we all well know that God causes adverse events to fall on the righteous as well as the wicked; indeed, the former, as we are told in Scripture, are frequently the most afflicted in this world. Yet when God displays in a signal manner his displeasure and consequent judgment, we do well not to let it pass unimproved, as it plainly teaches us that although he is a God of mercy, he is not the less a God of justice.

In short, my dear young friends, if you make the Bible your guide (asking God for his enlightening assistance), it will direct you safely through the mazes of this troublesome and uncertain life, and will conduct you at last to those mansions of everlasting bliss prepared for God's people in Heaven.

So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

F I N I S.

